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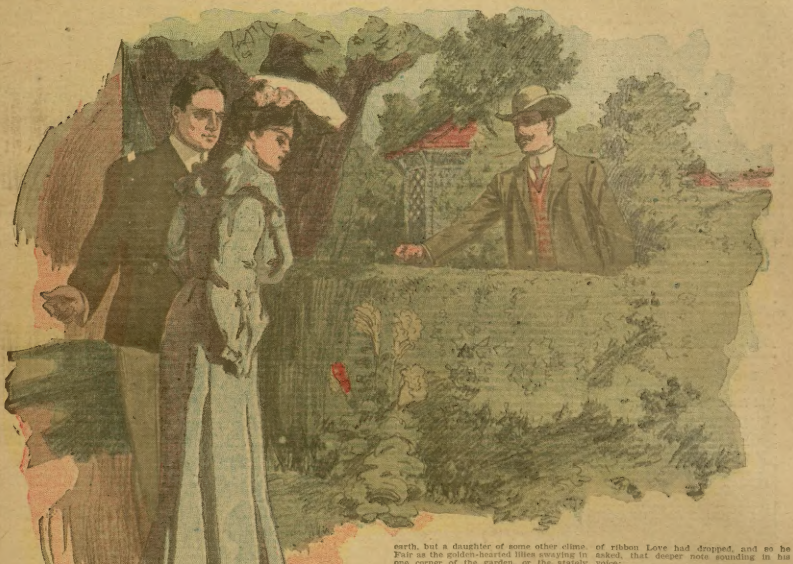
A HUSBAND'S SIN; or, The Lure of Love.

By Constance Beatrice Willard



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CHAPTER I.

THE VOICE OF YOUNG LOVE.

The mellow peal of a church bell upon the evening air, mingled with the twittering of countless birds, and the rippling song of the silvery brook that danced along towards the mighty river in which it lost its identity, all forming a background for three words, uttered in a deep, rich voice, words which contained all the joy and all the misery of life.

"I love you."

As they fell upon the evening air, so full of the restfulness of nature, they seemed borne to Heaven by the tender perfume of ravishingly sweet flowers, rioting about the old-fashioned garden in the sunny State of Georgia, roses, heavy-headed, drooping in matchless white, yellow, pink, crimson and love-red, until the ground was covered with the velvety petals; magnolias, riding their branches, surrounded by the deep, glossy green leaves, like queens of flowers; honeysuckles, fanning the wind with perfumed trumpets of yellow, pink and red; clematis, great white and purple stars; scarlet pomegranate blossoms, symbolical of love, and countless others, all blooming as though they were exhausting their beauty to produce a breath worthy to carry aloft those wonderful words, as old as the world and yet ever new:

"I love you."

As the speaker looked at the young girl to whom he poured out his very soul in those words, he felt that she could not be of this earth, but a daughter of some other clime. Fair as the golden-hearted lilies swaying in one corner of the garden, or the stately magnolia blooms, with hair as yellow as the exquisite rose she held in her pink-tinted palm, with eyes that matched the violets which a month or two before had reflected Heaven in their fragrant cups on the very ground her little feet were now pressing. Love Fanchon possessed in addition a soul as pure as the flowers she loved so deeply, as innocent as the song of the birds, as clear as the silvery brook, and she was as young and unlearned of the world that she scarcely grasped the meaning of the passion-laden words.

"I love you."

The speaker leaned a little nearer, his voice trembled as he asked softly:

"May I have that rose?"

Now Love, with her wonderful, fanciful name, understood him better, and smiled, like a moonbeam on the waters of Silver Brook, and replied, some of the sweet drawl of her Southland rendering her voice still more like liquid music:

"Indeed you can, and as many others as you desire," and she began to gather the roses recklessly, heaping them into his arms, but the young man shook his head, and dropped them all, in their dew-drenched freshness, to my tenderly:

"Let me have the one you have been holding."

Wonderingly, she laid the soft-tinted rose in his hands, but flushed as red as a bridesmaid rose, quivering over her golden head, as he pressed it to his lips, then put it carefully away in his pocketbook.

She drew back a little, as he looked at her after consigning the flower to a place among his treasures, his mother's picture and a bit of ribbon Love had dropped, and so he asked, that deeper note sounding in his voice:

"Why will you make no answer to my statement, I love you?"

The rosy hue deepened, and the girl absently plucked one of the love-red roses, as she said softly:

"I cannot notice such a statement, Mr. Clayton."

"And why not?" he cried, catching the two tiny hands in his, and bending to kiss them.

With simple dignity she drew them from him, and replied sadly:

"Because I am betrothed to another."

The words fell like an iron weight upon his heart, and he staggered, then asked hoarsely:

"What do you mean?"

Love looked at him, and the thought came into her innocent mind that the Northerner, Stephen Clayton, was good to look upon, with his frank brown eyes and hair of the same shade, with his broad shoulders and athletic build, rounded to manly perfection as one of the varsity eleven upon the diamond and gridiron, as well upon the cinder track, and in all forms of outdoor life. However, she was so used to the rather extravagant compliments of her Southern friends, that his passionate utterances made but little impression upon her, and she smiled as she returned:

"I think you met Mr. Korle Davenport the same day you did me, at Mrs. Livingston's garden party. I am to marry him in the fall."

Stephen Clayton started. Without any sufficient reason he had taken a deep dislike to the dark, haughty young Southerner, and from the flash in the midnight eyes,

there was no doubt that his dislike was returned. Now he felt that his dislike had been instinctive.

"But you are only a child," Clayton remonstrated.

"I am nearly sixteen," Love returned softly.

"And you love him?" was the question, put with sharp eyes, burning cheeks, and trembling voice.

Love raised the rose to her lips, as red as its petals, and quite as soft, as she said in a low tone:

"That is not the matter under discussion. I have promised to marry him."

"Do you love him?" Believe me, Love, it is the most important question in all the world."

The violet eyes raised, showing a new light, in a distant row the whip-poor-will raised its mournful lay, while from a magnolia tree came the song of the mocking bird.

"Answer me, Love. Upon your soul, do you love this man?"

"I love no one," she said softly, but her hands trembled, and her voice was very low.

Stephen Clayton needed nothing more. With a low cry of rapture he caught the little hands once more, trampling under foot the roses she had so graciously gathered for him, clasped her in his arms, and then holding her on his left arm, with his right hand brushed back the long, golden curls, and looking straight into the violet eyes, pressed a lover's kiss on the rich, red lips.

Love fluttered for a moment like a wild bird, then she also gave a cry of relief, and her golden head fell upon his broad shoulder, for at an instant she forgot the world and its obligations, from which blissful truce she was rudely to awaken.

With a little shuddering cry, she drew back from him, sobbing:

"Oh! oh! oh! what have I done?"

"I love you," he repeated, seeking to enfold her once more, but she held back, pleading:

"I belong to another."

"Not when your heart is given to me," Clayton cried bending over her, wild with joy, reading her answer in every line of the graceful figure, the melting of her soft eyes, the new calm in her voice.

Love, too, knew that she had in a flash learned the great lesson of life, and did not resist. She returned the kisses he showered on her, again forgetting her promised word.

"Are mine, mine, all mine, all mine," Clayton cried enthusiastically, wondering if there were any danger of his awakening, and discovering that he was fondling, with her fascinating name, was only a lovely dream.

"Only yours, as stolen goods belong to the thief," came in calm tones from the three two, and springing apart, they both looked into the revengeful dark face of Kerle Davenport, across a sea of fragrant bloom which divided the two estates.

"Kerle, you here breathed. The two men said nothing, but glared like animals, each feeling a mad desire to dull upon the other and rend him limb from limb.

CHAPTER II.

THE VOICE OF RENUNCIATION.

"Leave us, Love," the Southerner said quietly, and as used was she to obeying that she turned, when Stephen said with a dangerous note in his voice:

"Do not go, Love," and hesitatingly she stood, her beauty never so wondrous as now, as she stood between the duty of the past and the knowledge of the present.

"You seek to play double with me?" sneered the dark-eyed Southerner.

Stephen Clayton drew himself upright, and asked in a voice that reminded the trembling girl of a glittering steel blade:

"Perhaps you think that all honor and passion lie south of the Mason and Dixon line?"

Kerle Davenport sneered again, as he said in a low voice, but with all the force of his wild nature:

"Pardon me if I do. Circumstances indicate such a state of affairs, and justify me in a rather unfavorable opinion of your honor."

Love looked at the two, and knew, young as she was that there was in the nature of the Southerner something that Kerle Davenport never could give her, and as she began to realize it, she drew back, to one hedge, and laying one of her delicate hands upon the sleeve of her discarded lover, said gently:

"Kerle, if there has been dishonor, it is not mine. I love him," and her violet eyes were raised to his inky ones, and strange to say, there was no anger left there, he was like a child in her hands.

"My dear friend, you are for a long time I have thought that I could marry you, that I loved you, but dear, I do not. One of these days I shall love a man, perhaps as you do, and then think of the pain of each of us." Love paused, and with a little sigh whispered the young man, his dark head bending over her golden one.

"Perfectly sure."

"But think, Love, you are only sixteen."

"Old enough, I think, to know the difference between your kisses and his."

Kerle Davenport was no longer the situation. Stephen could sympathize with anguish like he knew Kerle was suffering. While the two men looked, Love comforted.

"He dared kiss you," he asked in a low tone.

"My own fault, dear, my fault. I do not know how to explain, but he was honor bound with me, and never occasionally kissed me. I thought nothing of it. I was angry left him, though anybody but dear no, but when he," and there came a wonderful light in her violet eyes, "looked into my eyes, I smiled back at him, because I wanted him to kiss me."

The night was fully as beautiful; birds twittered and sang, as they always do, as it appeared darkened. To none of them; to the two men, each almost perfect of his kind, and to Love, whose beauty would life ever be the same, and unconsciously they breathed it.

"It may seem shameful to you, Kerle, but I wanted him to, therefore, I'm glad."

"It's hard to hear you say this," came from the dark-haired man, "but your own happiness must be considered first."

"True," came from Stephen's lips, but Davenport paid no attention to her, continuing:

"I have loved you since, when a tiny child at five, with my curls about my face, I was shown the wonderful new baby at your home. No boy could love more than you since you could understand anything."

"Yes, Kerle, 'wonderful.'"

"So I will ever call you. If, however, you are sure that another has your dear heart, I will step aside, and accept you upon one condition."

"Dear Kerle, I knew you would be generous."

"One condition," the young man repeated. "A condition? Oh, Kerle, be generous and put no condition upon your gift."

"The young man smiled, and sighed, as he laid his hand over hers, saying in a deep, low voice:

"I will release you upon this condition, that if at any time you are in trouble, in unhappiness, or your life, you will come to me as to a brother. Promise me this, and I will leave you, but not to forget."

The girl shuddered, in spite of the warmth, perfume and sweet witchery of the moonlight, and her fair face grew pale.

"But with Stephen, I can know no sorrow, dear Kerle."

"Promise me," he said almost desperately, and with his face as pale as a magnolia petal, she whispered:

"I promise."

"With your whole soul?"

"With my whole soul, and the dearest thing in life to me will be your life, you will, and then Kerle Davenport turning to the man whom he still not but feel had robbed him, said hoarsely:

"You have crept into this nest and stolen my dearest treasure, and I should be accordingly to my code or honor, like a scoundrel, but I am a man, and that is enough. Such love as mine is not content to possess the body only, it must have the soul, the reverence and love. All this has been given you. By the God who created us, I charge you to guard it as you value your life, as you would your own soul. Fail short of what is my demand, and by Heaven, I'll kill you as I would a snake!"

Stephen Clayton's fair face paled and flushed, but the man was very steady as he returned:

"While you are very unjust to me, Mr. Davenport, I cannot blame you. In your light, I am a craven, but I give you my word of honor that I did not know that you had prior claims until a few moments ago!"

"Yet you kissed her after knowing," cried the discarded lover.

"Yes, because I saw her heart was untouched by you."

"And I, guarding her maiden ideals as I would something sacred, held back anything which might force into bloom the rose I was cherishing."

"I regret it all," Stephen said sincerely, "and I appreciate your nobility to the utmost. Believe me, though, even if I had not met her, she never could have loved you, that you can see for yourself."

Kerle Davenport looked steadily into the other man's eyes for a few moments, then he asked coldly:

"Do you think I believe that for an instant? Remember I know this thing well. I have studied her from her birth, and understand her every whim. Her girlish fancy has bloomed, and you, instead of I, were the one to benefit. I do hope that you will develop this sweet, tender fancy into a lifelong love, for it will only be thus that I can forgive you. Remember, I have not once more he turned his back upon Stephen, and said to Love in a tender voice, the sweetness of which she was never to forget:

"My little sweetheart, you will go out into the world and have many new interests, but will any have shone higher in the memory of the sweetest woman God ever made, just remember that. Now good-bye," and he bent his magnetic eyes upon the lovely face.

"Good-bye, dear Kerle, good-bye," she cried, raising her lovely face, drenched with tears, towards his, but the man's head, like the young man said subtly.

"Bless her, bless her him now," and although his whole soul longed for a touch of her sweet lips, he merely clasped her hands, and Love, frightened, wondering, frightened, wondering, asking herself if she had made a mistake, suddenly hitting upon her grief was soothed in Stephen's loving arms, and Kerle Davenport, as he had made her forget the old love, and to fight forward happily toward the golden future his ardent imagination painted.

CHAPTER III.

THE VOICE OF WONDER.

When Stephen Clayton introduced his bride to the society of Chicago, the season was already on the ground, awaking a delight in her soul, for she had never seen a ball, and the subdued hitting of the wonderful things vanished. To the humble-minded girl, who had always considered herself a nobody, the acknowledgment delight in Love's heart than any of the wonders of the world about her.

She had seen plenty pictures of the Statten building, Trinity, Wall street, the Gates-Treasury, the Battery, Brooklyn Bridge, and even of the Hudson, he could well give her cultured society than that of her native town, the clothing and jewels lavished upon her caught a glamour that only delicately carved lips, but the snow was different.

She was a little astonished with his bride, for she was elusive and very assuming, but Love, being unaccustomed to her she scarcely noticed, while she almost lost her senses over what he considered trifles. Never had Love been away from her birth Love had lived among flowers, and the magnificent roses, in their rich color and perfection of sound, so that to her the magnificent roses, in their rich color and perfection of sound, so that to her the magnificent roses, in their rich color and perfection of sound, so that to her

Vance Wizzard felt the shock go through the slender form, although the bride's fingers barely rested upon his arm, but he was delighted to hear her reply, just turning her head so her wonderful violet eyes rested upon the golden, yellow hair of the other, for it was so appropriate, and well deserved:

"My dear Mr. Clayton," she said gently, "you must point out the delicate places in the ice, before you take me seating. I am sorry, indeed, if I failed to read toe royalty label, but I assure you all I will not fail in the future," then, as they had come to a little alcove, she stopped, turned completely about, and dipped a delightful little courtesy, made mocking homage to Dahlia Rathbone.

Stephen was surprised as though an entirely new person stood in the place of his beautiful wife. When he had reproved her before, she had cried, yet he had not hesitated to reprove this high-spirited child before strangers, thinking, feeling sure she would cry. The others stood in a group but took in admiration at Lone, and Mrs. Guildert said in a low strain:

"Good, my dear Mrs. Clayton. You learned what I never did all during my married life, in a few weeks, exactly how to answer Stephen back. He needs taking down, and from now on you and I are ladies," and she passed to Love's side.

"Miss Rathbone," Stephen said, almost gasping, but Dahlia was a very keen woman, and she, stretching out her hand, the most lissome one with jewels, said in a perfectly sweet voice:

"Such language is more than charming, especially at it is so undeserved. My dear Mrs. Clayton, allow me to be another friend," but none of them, even Love, believed that she meant what she said, and, that night after the ball was over, and she was alone in her room, the wondrously beautiful woman threw herself about, bruising the tender flesh, and tearing at the brown hair.

"Just three shades lighter, and I could hold my own anywhere! Her friends are all white! God, for that I could kill her with these two hands, as small as her own, though red does flow in the veins! And, in real causes called down upon descendants, but I wonder if any I might make would effect the eternity of that Indian grandmother and the beast of a man who dared marry her! If she loved they would, I would spend the remainder of my life, calling down the fire of hell upon them, and once more she glared at her offending face.

As she had said, revenge came into her heart. She had never tried to obliterate the traces of her Indian blood, from now on she would. With the wealth she could do anything, and she would try to gain a skin as white as that of her friends, and when she fell on the floor and clutched at its heavy velvet carpet.

"A white skin would only be skin deep," she cried. All knew of that Indian blood. Suddenly she sprang to her feet with a graceful agility which was hers with her hated blood, and raising her hands above her head, she cried with such venom that her teeth ground together and the veins stood out on her temples:

"I'll keep my dark skin, I came by it honestly, and no matter what she did not make it! Neither of us is either to be blamed or praised for what we inherited from her that which she thinks she owns. It makes no difference to me what happens afterwards. I may sink into the pit my feet dig, who cares, the end will come, the sooner. And by that time Mrs. Stephen Clayton from her, he whom I have so loved, make him disgrace himself, and also, incidentally me, and then we'll see whether she would rather be me, with my dark skin and her husband, glorious in our love, or she, wretched, desolate and deserted, with her name vowed to be cast back in her face. I have found my object in life, Love Clayton, the breaking of my sister's heart and I shall live but for it!"

But she found that Love Clayton, although young, was no ordinary woman, and that she had to be on her mettle if she hoped to come out ahead, for Stephen Clayton, although he had spoken unkindly, was desperately in love with his wife and proud of the manner in which she had handled the situation that he had no eyes for any one else, at least just then.

This story, which is one of the most fascinating that has been recently written will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. Do not fail to read every romance to the end. If you are not already a subscriber, we strongly urge you to send in your subscription and get the remainder of this captivating story and other thrilling masterpieces that are about to appear in these pages. Boys and girls may desire our free coupon, as announced on page thirteen, and women should subscribe and receive our free patterns in all the new fall and winter styles, as advertised on page fifteen of this paper.

Easy.

Jay: "How do you manage to always be having such a breezy time?"

Gay: "By blowing my money."

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WHAT A FLOCK OF GEESE DID.

By HELENA DIXON.

It was a sultry afternoon in July, and Kitty Ryan was growing drowsy over her sewing, when her mother came briskly up the box-bordered walk and entered the cosy sitting-room, near one of the vine-draped windows at which the young girl was seated.

Mrs. Ryan and her daughter were as unlike each other as mother and child could well be.

The widow was tall and angular in form, with fiery, black eyes, and hair of the same color, glossy and straight, and always combed from the low, broad forehead with critical precision. The broad mouth was drawn firmly down at the corners, while the whole contour of her face betokened an inflexible will and a firm adherence to her formed opinions. Kitty was short in stature, slender, and sylphlike in form, with deep-blue eyes full of melting tenderness. Then she had the curliest auburn hair, and lips that in their smiling curves bespoke a lifelong disposition.

"Kitty," said Mrs. Ryan, as she took off her sunbonnet and fanned her flushed cheeks from her heated face, "the geese have all got into Ralph Homer's wheat lot, and you will have to go and get them out. If young Homer should find them there most of them would come home with broken bones. Ralph is just such another as his father was before him. There is never any good in any of the Homer stock. So run along and get the geese out before he finds them out. Strange that George and Will always happen away just when they're wanted at home."

Soon Kitty was walking down the maple-shaded lane that bordered the Ryan farms. The wind murmured musically through the leaves of the maples, and the little brook, which skirted the roadside, purled over its stony bed in soft and harmonious melody.

And Kitty heard, and naturally enough gave way to the dreamy feeling of rest to her errand.

But, though the geese running riot in Ralph Homer's grain were forgotten, the young master of the domain himself was not.

Kitty's memory carried her back to the days when Ralph Homer and Will Ryan and Homer had been all in all to each other, and the two boys had grown to manhood, one young manhood, came home from the Princeton Academy, to set her childish heart fluttering with his marvelous recollections.

Then came one of those schisms which so often destroy the harmony and good-will of long-existing friendships.

Mrs. Ryan and her husband considered themselves the injured parties, the farmer declaring that the boundary line of his and hers should have aught to do with the Homer estate, and that Ralph was trying to lay the blame on the Ryans, forbade his family ever to speak to the Homers, and to virtually at an end. Several years had passed since then, and the heads of both families were dead,

MAN OR DEVIL

BY GEORGE WEYMOUTH

"Master Smith is—

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Begun in No. 46, Nov. 18. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER IV.

I thought often during the night of the weird message received from Mr. Chumley through the clairvoyant powers of old Semiramis.

I understood, of course, that the girl with her servants was to be at Herreman on the night of the 21st, and I could drive my own carriage over there and meet her—and tell my man take the light wagon for the baggage.

But what did Mr. Chumley mean by saying, "There is danger afoot—beware of the book agents?" And what did he mean by saying, "Scourge the man in the piano box?" These were mysteries I would have to leave for another day.

The next morning, September 20th, I purchased a full supply of provisions for the kitchen in the stone house, and began to look around for servants—black servants, he had stipulated.

I decided to consult my own faithful old negress.

"Semiramis," I said, "Mr. Chumley's daughter and her maids are coming tomorrow night to the stone house. They want servants—I should say some good woman who can cook and a black boy for chores. They must be people who won't gossip, and who can be trusted. Will you look after this for me?"

"Yes, Mars' Wallace. Yes indeedy. I'll git Dinah Moore to go—she's a good cook. An' she c'n take her own wortless John Henry along fr' a chore boy."

"Can she hold her tongue?" I asked.

"Co'se not, Mars' Wallace. Cain't no nigger wench hold huh tongue—less'n it's tied."

"Then she won't do. I'll tell you Semiramis something that I wouldn't tell anybody else. Mr. Chumley has enemies. There's danger threatening his daughter. What kind of danger, I do not know—but it is serious. He's not a man, I should think, to get in a panic for nothing. The servants must be trustworthy."

"Oh, I'll put a spell on her. I'll conjure with her," said Semiramis. "That Mr. Chumley is a witch doctor, an' I'll skeer her to de'f. She won't darse to speak a word. Leave that to me."

"All right. You hire them. Pay them good wages and have them up there tomorrow night. If you feel able to climb to the top of the north peak you may go up there yourself. If everything goes right I'll be there with the ladies about ten o'clock, and you can have supper ready for them. Then you can come home with me and leave Dinah Moore in charge."

"All right, Mars' Wallace. I'll do that right enough. Don't you bother about that."

The next morning I went up to the stone house and looked around to see that everything was fit and proper for the arrival of the young lady. The sight of the piano brought back Mr. Chumley's message—"scourge the man in the piano box."

I looked over the instrument carefully—it was a parlor grand, and there was no place for a man to hide in it. What could the message mean?

Suddenly I thought of the box in which the instrument was packed. I do not know—the cover back on the box and stored it in the loft of my own stable so it would be ready for use again if the piano was to be reshipped.

I hurried back home and went to the barn at once, taking the hammer with me so that I could remove the cover from the box.

I pulled the big pine box out—and noticed that it seemed unreasonably heavy.

I also discovered what I had not noticed before—that there were numerous small holes in the side of the box, as though for ventilation. I peeked in through these holes, but could see nothing.

Then I removed the boards from the top of the box, feeling that the nails had already been withdrawn.

I was not surprised to find a man in the box.

He was crouching in the bottom, and he looked up at me with a startled, frightened eyes.

I took him by the coat collar and lifted him out, giving him a shake before I set him down on the floor.

He made no attempt at resistance.

"Well?" I said.

"I didn't have any home, Mister," he said glibly. "I've been trying to get a job, an' I thought you wouldn't care particularly if I slept here for a night or two."

"Don't lie to me, you infernal spy," I said, shaking him again.

He said nothing.

"Do you want to go to jail?" I asked.

He looked relieved and bowed his head. I saw that the jail would just suit him. He would be glad to escape so easily. No doubt he was well supplied with money.

"I guess I'll just take a look through your pockets," I said.

He protested and struggled, but in vain. I searched him, and as I expected, found money on his person—a surprising sum of money.

He had more than two thousand dollars with him.

I knew this was no mere tramp. He was a spy in the employ of Mr. Chumley's enemies, and they had supplied him liberally with funds.

There were no letters or documents on him save one small scrap of paper which contained two or three cabalistic signs—characters that looked much like shorthand.

As I was puzzling over these hieroglyphics he suddenly snatched the paper out of my hand and thrust it in his mouth.

He was trying to swallow it, but in a second I had him by the throat. He writhed under my grasp like a snake, but I held him inexorably and he spat the paper out.

It was wet, and chewed almost to a pulp, but the characters written in it were still legible.

As I put the paper in my pocketbook he looked at me with malevolent eyes.

"Dog," I said. "The jail is too good for you. Besides, you would buy your way to freedom before night. Yet you must be punished."

"You would better let me go," he said sullenly.

I will, but first I am going to thrash you," I said, thinking of Mr. Chumley's strange message. By some wonderful prescience he knew this man was hiding in the box. He had said "scourge him," and I took down a leather strap and told the man to prepare his coat.

"If you touch me with that it will be the sorriest thing you ever did, Mister. I am no dog to be beaten."

"Take off your coat," said I.

He took off his coat and turned his back to me with a sort of proud resignation. I raised the strap and before he did not wince.

Chumley had said for me to scourge him. The message had come in such a way as to be almost a supernatural command. Yet to be always, I could not lay on the lash.

I let the strap fall to my side.

"No, I can't do it—I haven't the heart—you certainly need it," said I.

He put on his coat again, but said nothing either in the way of thanks forgiving repented mercy or in plea for his liberty.

"Go, now," I said gently. "I have no secrets for them that hired you. I have no secrets for you to learn, but I swear by Heaven, if you attempt to injure or betray a young woman whose name we need not mention—"

"Hush!" he said, holding up his hand. "Swear no oaths. I will go. You have called me a dog and a spy—you both—but now I'll be a man in the grasp of a power I cannot gainsay. I must go where I am sent and do what I am told. I care not now for my life—but the indignity of the lash has been spared me. In return I will give you one good advice. Do not become entangled with another man's woe."

"You speak in riddles," said I.

"I cannot speak plainer," he said, solemnly. "But I will say this—your little town is about to become the center of a world-wide and mysterious struggle. Souls and bodies must be redeemed before the end comes. It is not your battle, but if you get between the contending forces you may be destroyed."

"Riddles, mere riddles," said I again, not desiring to have him know how much his strange words impressed me.

"Will you give me back the paper?" he asked.

"No, I will not. I will keep it for one who can read it."

"Then you may tell Mr. Chumley that the end is nigh," he said.

"I will tell him."

"And now, may I go?"

"You may go—but do not let me lay my eyes upon you again."

"I owe you a favor," he said. "When the time comes I may be able to repay it. Goodbye."

He went down the steps and passed through the alley toward the heart of the town. When I saw him again it was under the strangest circumstances—and he was able to keep his word and repay me the favor. In truth, I believe it was a good thing I did not thrash him that day—though no motive of fear kept me from laying on the lash.

But I have a certain tender-heartedness that sometimes holds my hand when punishment should be administered.

As for fear—I can say without boasting that it is something I have seldom felt.

CHAPTER V.

The train from the North reached Berreman station at eight o'clock, and I waited with some anxiety and a good deal of curiosity for the passengers to alight.

To my great surprise only two men, aside from the conductor, alighted from the train. I went to the official.

"Were not three ladies aboard your train for this station?"

"Are you Mr. Graeme?" he countered.

"Yes."

"Then wait here for half an hour—until the stage with the other passengers is gone —wait." Then without further explanation he cried, "All aboard," and waved his hand to the engineer. The train slowly pulled out southward.

I saw the two men passengers—just then climbing in Connie Bliss' hack—nudge each other and look at me significantly, as if they knew I was disappointed.

There was a middle-aged man with neatly trimmed whiskers and a young fellow with a slim, intellectual face. Both were well dressed. I looked at them, frowning and puzzled. Then it flashed upon me that these were the "book agents" Mr. Chumley had warned me against.

The hack drove away, and I waited, wondering for the half-hour to expire. Then the station agent came to me with a message.

"Wait for special train at 8:30.—Margaret Chumley."

So that was the explanation. She was coming on a special. Truly, my friend Chumley must be a man of princely wealth, to send his daughter in such magnificence.

When the train arrived, three women alighted. All were dressed in black—and all were veiled. The youngest and the slenderest of the three looked at me and hesitated.

I went forward, hat in hand.

"Mr. Graeme," said a sweet voice.

"Miss Chumley," I murmured.

She placed her slender gloved hand in mine.

"It is so good of you," she said. "We have been anxious, coming to this strange place alone—but papa was sure you would not disappoint us and I—" she glanced at me

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The Speed Bulletin
HUDSON, ILL.

"GOOD STUFF"

A Confirmed Coffee Drinker Takes to Postum.

A housewife was recently surprised when cook served Postum instead of coffee. She says:

"For the last five or six years I have been troubled with nervousness, indigestion and heart trouble. I couldn't get any benefit from the doctor's medicine, so finally he ordered me to stop drinking coffee, which I did.

"I drank hot water while taking the doctor's medicine, with some improvement, but went back to coffee with the same old trouble as before.

"A new servant girl told me about Postum—said her folks used it and liked it in place of coffee. She got a package, but told her I did not believe my husband would like it, as he was a great coffee drinker.

"To my surprise he called for a third cup, said it was 'good stuff' and wanted to know what it was. We have used Postum ever since and both feel better than we have in years.

"My husband used to have bad spells with his stomach and would be sick three or four days during which time he could not eat or drink anything. But since he gave up coffee and took to Postum, he has had no more trouble, and we now fully believe it was caused by coffee.

"I have not had any return of my former troubles since drinking Postum, and feel better and can do more work than in the last ten years. We tell every one about it—some say they tried it and did not like it. I tell them it makes all the difference as to how it's made. It should be according to directions—then it is delicious."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

and hesitated, and then went on impulsively—"now that I see your face, I know that you are—I mean I realize why papa likes you so much. I hope we shall be friends."

I had not seen her face—but I loved her from that moment. I knew that the One Woman had come into my life. My heart was beating like a hammer, and a kind of dizziness came over me. I could not speak.

I helped John Henry put the trunks in the wagon—there were five trunks, and the wagon was filled. Then I handed the ladies in the carriage and we drove away for the stone house—with Margaret Chumley on the seat beside me, and her two women—I didn't know whether they were friends or servants—in the rear.

I learned afterward that one of them was an elderly companion or chaperone—a widow of refinement and sweet character.

The other was a French maid—Toinette—who, with the craft and skill of her nation, was at once Miss Chumley's dressmaker, hairdresser and maid in waiting.

We did not drive through the town—but to the foot of Twin Peaks, and then we made the journey on foot to the stone house. I had not yet seen more than the merest glimpse of Miss Chumley's face—but in the two hours of the drive we had become tolerably well acquainted.

To my surprise and delight I found the young woman an intensely, light-hearted girl, with but the dimmest idea of the mystery that surrounded her father. She worshipped Mr. Chumley. But she did not seem to realize that any danger threatened him, or me.

We found the house lighted and a warm supper and a welcome waiting for us. The ladies were charmed with the place, and they insisted that I must wait and share their first meal. I was not loth to do this.

Beneath the chandelier I could for the first time see the faces of the women. Mrs. Warren was pleasant and subdued. Toinette, who ate with an air which was a fact that I was glad to notice, for I dreaded to think that Miss Chumley would be a grand lady, as that would remove her beyond my sphere—I say, Toinette was a charming and vivacious French girl, with the pleasantest manner, and evidently of good birth and breeding, despite, cowardly as the confession is, to Miss Chumley's amusement and Mrs. Warren's gratification.

Miss Chumley, I was glad to see was as beautiful as I had been led to believe. But it was not her beautiful face—She was not a hot house plant, but a charming wild rose, with the dew of early summer morning and the dewy fragrance of innocence. I was her slave, and I think Toinette noticed, that look for her keen black eyes seldom left my face, and her raillery and quick wit kept the conversation embarrassed.

John took the trunks to my barn and from there he sent them on the morrow, as we called our trolley carriage, which ran from the little porch on top of the stone house, to the garret of my barn.

It was midnight before the trunks were put in the apartment room where they belonged, and then I bade the ladies good-bye and left them asleep and myself went down the steps and across the valley to my own home.

But I could still feel the pressure of a slim warm hand in my palm, and could still hear the cadences of a lovely and gentle voice.

CHAPTER VI.

The two men on the night train—and I had at once suspected them of being the "book agents" against whom I had been warned by Mr. Chumley—called on me the next morning. I met them at my gate.

They were for sets of encyclopedias. "I do not wish to buy anything from you, gentlemen," I said.

They immediately insistent, and then, as they turned to go, one of them happened to look at the Twin Peaks, with the natural curiosity of strangers they began to question me about the strange house on the point of the nearer peak.

As naturally as I could, I told them what they might have learned anywhere in town—that the house was built by me for an eccentric scientist, who wished to have a secluded place for his investigations.

"We must go up and see that house, Jimmie," said the elder stranger. "We will probably make a sale there."

"I think it is doubtful," said I. "The owner of the house is not at home."

"There must be somebody there," said Jimmie, the younger man, "I see that smoke is rising from the chimney."

"Jimmie, you're an old boy woman and her boy there," I said carelessly, "but it isn't likely that they would buy books."

The older man looked at me keenly. "You built that house?" he asked.

"Yes."

"For Mr. Chumley?"

I bowed.

"When do you expect him to occupy it?"

"Why do you wish to know?" I enquired.

He looked at his friend Jimmie and smiled as he said, "Shall we tell him?"

"Why not, Colonel?" said Jimmie.

Then the older man—the Colonel—turned toward me with a sudden gesture.

"There is no reason why we should not tell you the truth, Mr. Graeme. We are friends of Mr. Chumley, and we know his daughter. The girl Toinette, whom you brought to the house last night, with her mistress, is Jimmie's cousin. So you see our interest in the stone house and in its occupants is not mere idle curiosity, but pure friendliness. I explain the matter to you, because I believe that you, too, are in the confidence of Mr. Chumley. So you see we meet on mutual grounds and should be good friends. Allow me to introduce myself. I am John Smith—sometimes called the Colonel—and my friend here is Jimmie Jones. We are glad to meet you."

He held out his hand with a hearty smile. I looked at him coldly and ignored the hand.

The smile died on his face. A kind of wolfishness and malevolence gleamed in his eyes.

"So you refuse our friendship?" he asked slowly.

"I see no special reason for accepting it," I replied.

"Oh, to h—ll with him, Colonel," said Jones, roughly. "What do we care for this country clodhopper? Come on, let's go."

But the alleged Colonel John Smith—I knew of course, in a minute that both names were assumed—did not seem in a hurry to depart. He was puzzled at my behavior and he was not satisfied to go away without coming to a better understanding.

"Our friend Graeme acts a little peculiar," he said, and continued to smile. "In fact, he has insulted me. He has refused to take my hand offered him in all good fellowship. I am waiting for his apology."

"I am sorry I can't offer you a chair, Colonel," I said.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, if you are going to wait for my apology you may grow tired of standing before you get it, Colonel."

"You small anaver for your insults," he said hotly.

"Pridieticks," said I. "You want to pick a quarrel with me, I can see that. But I will feed you, now."

"If you are a gentleman you will give me the satisfaction of a gentleman," he said haughtily. "We are now in the sunny Southland—in the land of honor, and I demand that you meet me upon the field of honor."

"You are crazy," said I.

"You must apologize, or you must fight," said he. "I repeat, I am waiting for an apology unavenged. Your blood or mine must stain the battlefield."

"It can fall on a dime novel," I said, smiling scornfully.

"Choose," said he.

"You are determined to quarrel, then?" "Dog and coward—you cannot quarrel with you! One can only despise you."

"Now look here, my alleged Colonel Smith, you are making for me with a constant. I know what your wicked purpose is—this scheme to get Miss Chumley. I know that he feared my knowledge, and I could see him wince at the words—and I can see that you would refuse to fight a duel with me. You think you can put me out of the way and the accomplish the nefarious deed you contemplate. I shall not accommodate you. Duels are nonsense. But you would better go on away from my gate. You are in the public street, but if you go far I shall not be responsible."

I paused and looked at him meaningly. I felt that I was playing for my life as well as my honor. I knew that your wicked purpose was a villain, undoubtedly, and an enemy of Mr. Chumley's—but I felt that if he knew

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A bald head doesn't always generate bare facts.

If people are the right kind they are never unkind.

Prudence isn't necessarily a virtue: more often it's a necessity.

Many shady reputations are due to the casting of reflections.

Skilled milk of human kindness is the only kind worth crying over.

Fall plowing is progressing nicely in the West—that is, fall snowplowing.

What this country needs is a political perry without any politics in it.

If a woman is in a position to support a husband she can afford to be without one.

Later on you may have an opportunity to walk on the pavements made of your good intentions.

King Alfonso has discovered that there are many other ways of having fun besides pulling bulls.

Probably half the pleasure a woman gets out of life is due to her ability to change her mind and complexion at will.

Vanity isn't on the official list of virtues, yet unless a man has a good opinion of himself he will never amount to much.

Uncle Sam is going to buy 77,000,000 stamps daily. How would you like the job of sticking that many stamps on letters?

It is proposed to compress air by means of the tides. If they squeeze the air at Atlantic City will the bathers be jealous?

During the courtship a young man always graces a girl's soulful eyes and admires her dimples, but he's apt to overlook her chin.

It remains to be seen whether football will retain its hold on the public if under the new rules it is to be as harmless as prize fighting.

It does not seem to Voliva that Zion City is able to support more than one prophet in the style in which a prophet should be supported.

California had its earthquake and Florida its hurricane. Probably we shall be treated to a long debate soon as to which of these methods is the better for harvesting the orange crop.

Mr. Rockefeller should get the verdict framed. He may not look on it as a valuable document, but posterity will prize it highly and go out of its way to look at the yellow and age-stained paper.

They do things better in Europe in the way of furnishing pure food only until after an analysis has been made. In Austria, notwithstanding the strictest kind of laws, an investigating committee has found that one-fourth of the specimens of food analyzed were not fit to associate with people in polite society.

THE STOLEN MILLIONS;
OR
THE BANK PRESIDENT'S CRIME.

By MAJOR ALBION F. GRANT, author of "The Deuce of Diamonds," etc.

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CHAPTER IX.

THE ALTRURIA'S PASSENGER.

If Saul Pentland could have annihilated space and leaped across the vast expanse of waters that separated him from his country he would have witnessed a scene that would have driven him to the depths of remorse and anxiety.

Within his palatial home, now inhabited by Clyde, his only child, stood that fair girl in the garish light of the sumptuous parlor. She was robed in deep black, mourning for her father, and before her stood a young man of prepossessing appearance.

Stanley Lane was not rich. He was a gentleman who worked for what he received in this world and his battle showed that he was not a shirk.

He had dared to love the child of the banker despite the social bar between them and his love had been reciprocated.

When the news came and Pentland had fled with millions still at his command, Lane was the first to extend his sympathy to Clyde.

She had received it in the true spirit in which it was proffered and this little episode had strengthened her love for the young man.

It was the night of Pentland's quarrel and make-up with the detective, he had written across the water in his flight from justice.

"I do not sanction this adventure, as you know," Lane was saying. "But if you are determined—"

"I must go!" broke in Clyde. "This money must come back if possible to those to whom it belongs. That he is guilty of a great crime I must admit, but he is still my father."

"Yes. Let us hope that he is not as guilty as reported."

"I have hoped so, but the cumulative evidence is so strong that I have been stunned."

"Whither will you go?"

"First of all to Paris. The unwilling information which I forced from Mr. Altruria last night takes me to the French capital."

"But Lorraine may post him."

"I suspect that," said the girl, "in that case I can find the trail and follow."

"I wish you success, dear. It is a long journey and full of strange adventures, perhaps disappointments."

"I have counted everything," and the lips of Clyde Pentland came firmly together. "I have looked at the picture in every available light. I must go. It is the only hope."

"You have secured your berth?"

"In the Altruria. Everything has been looked to. I did that in person. Now nothing remains but to say good-by."

She held out her hand to her lover who seized it and pressed it to his lips.

"The best of luck and a safe journey," cried he. "I shall not rest till I hear from you."

"You are aware, of course, that I sail under an assumed name. There must be some secrecy about this matter. I have taken a stateroom as Miss Docia Strong. My baggage has been sent on board and I have nothing to do but to go on board myself early in the morning."

"Lorraine does not suspect?"

"No. I have told Lucia, the care-taker, that I have gone to the Catskills for rest and recuperation. That is quite natural, you know. If Lorraine calls, as he may, he will not suspect."

"If he should, we will balk him this side the Atlantic. He is equally guilty with your father. I can speak thus, seeing that you do not shield even him. The authorities are moving in the matter at last and there may be an arrest here within a few days. The bird is being watched to see that he does not take flight."

A few moments later Clyde Pentland was alone.

She retired to her little room on the second floor and completed arrangements for her strenuous trip across the ocean.

She had seen to it that her baggage that had been taken aboard the Altruria bore nothing that could betray her. It was all in the name of Miss Strong, a precaution which she was glad to know Lane approved.

She left nothing on her person that would betray her. Her handkerchiefs that bore her initials had been put away and others with "D. S." upon them had been substituted.

When all this was done and Clyde had looked to every detail she threw herself upon the bed to rest.

The following morning she slipped from the house, met a cab at a distant corner and was driven to the pier.

It was a beautiful day and the fair girl was full of the adventure upon which she had set out. It was in this spirit that her criminal parent and force him to disgorge the stolen millions for the poor whom he had robbed.

The Altruria was ready for the voyage and Clyde stood upon deck with many farewells ringing in their rears, retired to their rooms and waved her handkerchief at railing waving handkerchiefs at their friends.

Slowly the great vessel receded from the pier, the waters boiled about her keel and before the girl stood the great city vanished from view.

As for the banker's daughter, she kept her state-room studiously, wondering if her secret were really safe and now and then fearing that it was not.

She took her meals in seclusion, not venturing upon deck till the day had stepped away and night with its myriad stars had enveloped the deep.

Then she sat upon deck and took a chair apart from the little groups of fellow voyagers who chatted and made merry under the stars.

Clyde wanted to be alone with her thoughts. She had parted before in company with her parents, in fact had spent some time in Europe, but she felt that the city would not prove an enigma to her.

She believed that she had outwitted Lorraine, the spy for Pinkerton.

Lucia would deceive him should he call at the mansion and Clyde put him off his guard while she was steaming across the ocean on her self-imposed mission.

Suddenly Clyde noticed a man wearing goggles who walked past her with a cutting glance. She had pulled over her face a thin veil, one of the flimsiest black which did not interfere with her vision.

The strange passenger went to the railing and leaned over it, apparently watching the water that leaped and danced beneath the plunging ocean greyhound.

For some reason or other Clyde could not take her eyes from this man.

His did not appear to have taken more than one look at her, but that one was enough.

Presently he shuffled away, stood for a moment near a group of merry folk, and then vanished.

What if he was a spy upon her?

Clyde Pentland shuddered as this thought took root in her mind.

A spy!

She at last rose to go to her state-room. As she turned she nearly collided with the same man.

"I beg your pardon, Miss," said he, lifting his hat. "I trust you will grant it."

He was gone.

An arrow of fear went direct to the girl's heart. The voice which had been disguised had startled her. She could not forget it. It was the voice of Clare Lorraine!

For a moment Clyde stood trembling on the deck, her heart in her throat, her hands cold as ice and then she darted down the stairs.

Locking the door of her state-room behind her, she threw herself upon the couch and buried her white face in her hands.

CHAPTER X.

A STAGGERING BLOW.

The next day and the next, Clyde saw nothing of the man with the goggles.

The Altruria pushed through the waters under clear skies and everybody came on deck, glad to breathe in the dauntless ocean breeze.

The young girl kept within the state-room.

At last, feeling unwell from the confinement and the roll of the vessel, she ventured on deck, taking a position from which she could see the passengers.

To her great joy she saw nothing of Lorraine.

Perhaps, suspecting that he had been discovered, he was keeping indoors and Clyde rejoiced at this thought.

If she could but escape contact with him she would be ready to land and feel that she had not voyaged in vain.

In this she was successful. The Altruria reached Liverpool safely and in a short time Clyde and her luggage were on board the London Express flying across the country.

She reached the English capital and took the first boat for Calais.

It was a large boat and swarmed with human freight.

The courageous American girl kept well out of sight and in time reached the French capital where she at once took the train for Paris.

It was night as she was whirled across the country at terrible speed, but the train could not go fast for her. Settling back in her robes and burying her face from sight and wondering all the time if the keen eyes of Clare Lorraine were upon her, she yearned to hear the last station called.

It was the most trying part of the long chase.

At last the girl started in her seat and looked out.

She was in Paris.

At last the chase had ended. As the train rolled into the great station, Clyde drew her veil round her face and prepared to quit it.

Hurriedly she looked around. The man with the goggles did not meet her gaze. But perhaps he had assumed some other disguise the harder to penetrate and she wondered what it was.

If he had crossed on the Altruria he was

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not far behind her and perhaps had wired her father from Liverpool or London.

Clyde gave hurried orders for her baggage to be taken to the Hotel Melnotte, sprang into a closed cab and was whisked away. The Hotel Melnotte had sheltered her on her former trip and she believed that her father would stop there.

She secured a room at once, registered as Docia Strong and was taken up stairs.

When she had rested a little she went to the window and looked out upon the gayest city in the world. It was the same Paris, the Paris of sin and folly, of riches and crime, the Paris of the soulless siren and the absconder.

All at once a light rap came at her door and she started.

What! a visitor already and she had not been two hours in Paris.

Clyde's face lost color as she hesitated. Was Lorraine, the spy and lover, in the corridor? Had he followed her to her hotel and was he there to tell her that she could not deceive him?

The rap was repeated and Clyde opened the door. Instead of Lorraine, a boy stood at the threshold with a bit of paper in his hand.

"For Mademoiselle Strong," said the lad in French which Clyde understood.

Clyde took the bit of paper and glanced at it. It contained one name which mystified her—Margery Dale.

"What does it mean?" asked the banker's daughter.

"The sender of the card would see Mademoiselle."

"But I do not know her. Never heard of her," cried Clyde, glancing again at the paper. "The name is American. Who can she be?"

The boy was waiting for a reply.

"Tell her to come up. I'll see what all this means."

The boy vanished and Clyde turned back into the chamber.

"It is a mystery at the very outset," she said aloud. "Margery Dale! It is a pretty name, but wholly unknown to me."

In a few moments footsteps came along the corridor, a light rap followed and Clyde eagerly opened the door.

A young girl stood before her, and as the banker's daughter held the door open she glided into the room.

"What does this mean, Miss Dale?" cried Clyde. "Here I have been but an hour or so in Paris and you wish audience."

"You will pardon me, Miss Pentland——"

Clyde uttered a little cry and threw up her hands.

"I am Miss Strong—Docia Strong," she said. "You have made a mistake——"

"Nay," said Margery, firmly. "I cannot be mistaken. You may have reasons for appearing in Paris as Miss Strong, but to me all the same you are Miss Pentland. I have seen you in your native city, in the parks, in the trap——"

"Come, then. Let us be fair with one another. If I am Miss Pentland, what does it matter to you?"

"Much to both of us," was the answer. "I am Margery Dale. I am in Paris with my friend Lily and we have but just escaped the claws of the police on a charge of pocket picking."

"You don't look it," said Clyde with a smile.

"I trust not. We were charged with picking the pocket of the Countess Charney, and in fact her purse was found on my person, put there by one of the slyest rogues in Paris. We escaped prison by the merest accident which it is not necessary to detail, Miss Pentland. I trust you have had a pleasant journey across the water."

Clyde looked at the girl wondering why she had sought her out, for they had never met before. The mystery was how Margery had pierced her disguise.

"Of course you are seeking your father," went on the American girl, at which Clyde started.

"What is that to you, Miss Dale?"

"More than you think. I was one of the depositors in the Reaper's Bank."

"And lost all?"

"Almost everything. Lily is in the same box. We made out to get to Paris on a certain mission, but if you are shielding your father, perhaps it is just that our interview should end here."

"God pity me, I do not shield him!" exclaimed Clyde. "I came over to reclaim him if I could and to get back for those who have lost something that will keep the wolf from the door."

"God bless you!" cried Margery. "You have a heart after all, which is more than some people give you credit for in America.

But if you expected to find your father in Paris, you have come too late."

"Too late?" echoed Clyde Pentland, springing forward and grasping Margery's arm. "Do not speak those words. Too late?"

"They left by the Italian Express three hours ago."

"They?——"

Clyde's face blanched. She stood trembling in the middle of the floor, watched with sympathetic eye by the young American girl.

"What, do you not know?" said Margery. "Is it true that you do not even suspect?"

"But you said 'they.' You intimate that my father is not alone. Then, in the name of Heaven——"

"It were best untold perhaps," said Margery.

"No! no! I can bear he worst. Who took the Italian Express with him?"

"The woman called Sylvia Sharp and the cashier Clare Lorraine."

There was a cry from Clyde's white lips and she staggered across the room, and Margery heard her hiss the one word—"Vengeance!"

CHAPTER XI.

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR.

"What do they say? Tell me."

These were the first words that Saul Pentland addressed to Lorraine when they found themselves together in the day coach of the Italian Express.

Near-by, in robes which she wore like a queen, sat Sylvia Sharp, a smile on her beautiful face and her little hands elegantly gloved.

Lorraine told his story.

"So they are moving?" asked Pentland.

"They are showing signs of doing something at last. Of course, the excitement had abated and there is not that stir which followed the closing of the bank, but still there is stir enough."

"And you say," Pentland dropped his voice to a whisper with a side glance at Sylvia, "that my daughter came across with you. Is that the meaning of your telegram from Liverpool?"

"It is. Miss Clyde is in Paris."

"And we have evaded her?"

"Yes."

Pentland was silent for a minute.

"Think you she will follow?"

"I cannot see how she can strike our trail. I left no clews behind."

"You're a good one, Lorraine."

"She might make things unpleasant for us should she follow.'

"That's it, and I would not have her meet Sylvia for the world. Does she know?"

"I think she suspects."

"I did not see any spies at the station," went on the banker. "I think we got off safely."

"It looks that way to me, but really, you cannot tell anything about these French spies."

"I was startled since reaching Paris by the expression of a girl who was evidently an American. We encountered her, or at least she appeared in a wine garden one night and muttered something about God's vengeance."

"Some silly creature no doubt whose words did not refer to you."

Just then Sylvia Sharp moved and her gaze met Pentland's.

"My dear," said she, "would you mind that little money now?"

The banker started and opened a small grip which he always kept at his side while traveling. In fact he had not lost sight of it since quitting America.

He took from the valise a roll of banknotes which he tossed into the siren's lap. Her hands closed over the package and soon transferred them to a place where they were out of sight.

Then Pentland turned to Lorraine again.

"What is that I heard in one of the American papers about the death of the gambler, Blythe. Friend of your, wasn't he?"

There was a quick start on Lorraine's part and for a moment he looked away.

"I knew the man," said he.

"His body was found in the river if I remember rightly. There was a bullet wound in the head."

"Yes."

Sylvia, who was looking out of the window of the coach caught the last words and turned sharply to the two men.

"Is Oscar Blythe dead?" she asked.

Lorraine nodded.

"Violent death?" she queried.

"Yes," answered Lorraine. "Found in the river dead."

The adventuress was seen to draw a long breath.

"Who killed him?" she asked suddenly, and before he thought, Lorraine answered:

"He killed himself."

"Oh, no!" cried the woman. "Blythe wouldn't do that."

"But he did."

Her eyes were fixed on the cashier.

"Oh, then, you know?"

Lorraine regreted his words, but he had gone too far to recede, so he said:

"It was the greatest misfortune that could have happened us. He came to my room, tried to blackmail me, got to fooling with my revolver and accidentally killed himself."

"And you? What did you do?"

"The best thing I could do under the circumstances, I guess."

"You told the police?"

"No, I carried him to the river."

"And created a mystery?"

"Yes."

For a few seconds Sylvia Sharp was silent.

"I don't believe it," said she, still transfixing Lorrain with her piercing eyes. "You killed Oscar Blythe! You deliberately killed him."

"It is false!" snapped the cashier. "He was killed in the manner I have described."

"Gentlemen," said the woman, "let me disclose a little secret which you may not suspect. That man was my brother!"

Both Lorraine and Pentland uttered exclamations of surprise.

"You have never told me this," said the banker.

"I did not have to. Yes, Oscar Blythe was my brother and I intend to avenge his death."

Just then the train was slowing up at a little station and the woman rose to her feet.

"What are you going to do?" cried Pentland, seeing the determined look on her face.

"I am going to call the police."

"For what purpose?"

"To hand that man over to them to be held by the authorities till the police in the United States can be communicated with."

She covered Lorraine with her fingers.

"But that would disclose our trail," said the banker. "My dear, we must put credence in Mr. Lorraine's story. He knows."

"He lies!" hissed the woman, moving toward the door of the carriage. "He shall be handed over just the same."

With an oath Pentland sprang forward and throwing his arms around the adventuress, pushed her back into the seat. She struggled while her eyes snapped fire, but he held her firmly. Lorraine's face was white.

"I'll see you later on," he hurriedly whispered to the fugitive banker and the next moment had opened the door of the coach and leaped out.

Pentland did not release his hold on Sylvia Sharp till the train was rattling on again.

When he did release her she drew back like a serpent about to strike and regarded him with fury for a moment.

"Where's Mr. Lorraine?" she queried.

"He left the car."

"For good? Escaped me?"

"He is gone, at any rate."

"Let him keep his distance. He killed my brother and——"

The lurching of the coach threw Sylvia from the seat and she fell at Pentland's feet.

As he was raising her up he noticed some blood on her forehead and her eyes were closed.

For a moment, deep in the depths of his soul he wished that the woman was dead, but she was alive enough to give him the trouble of his life and to shatter all the vases of bloom along the primrose way.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SLIME OF THE SERPENT.

Meanwhile, back in Paris Clyde, assisted by Margery Dale, was trying to discover the destination of the fugitives.

The banker's daughter was wrought to such a pitch of feeling that nearly all filial regard for her guilty father had been swept from her heart.

They set the police on the hunt, secretly of course, and at last discovered that the party had bought tickets for Naples.

"We shall go to Naples at once," said Clyde.

But at the moment of starting Margery fell sick, too sick to undertake the journey, and Clyde, not wanting to go without her, resolved to remain over till the next train.

As she stood at her window in the Hotel Melnotte looking down into the street she saw a man cross with an upward glance.

She recoiled with a cry.

It was Lorraine!

There was no doubt of this. But what had brought the guilty cashier back to Paris, or had he been sent back, after starting, by her father for a purpose?

The man entered the hotel and Clyde momentarily expected to receive his card, but in this she was disappointed. An hour elapsed and it did not come.

Margery was improving and would soon be ready for the start for Italy.

It was resolved to take a night train as that seemed to suit their purpose best, and Clyde was afraid that they would have the cunning cashier for a companion.

She, of course, knew nothing of the altercation in the car, which had sent Lorraine back to Paris rather than be turned over to the police by Sylvia Sharp.

The hour was almost at hand for them to be driven to the Italian station, when Clyde, who was waiting for Margery, heard footsteps in the hall.

A low rap sounded on the door.

The banker's daughter opened it to stand face to face with Clare Lorraine.

With a little cry she drew back, looking the man in the face, and was about to close the portal when he forced his way into the room.

"You will pardon this visit," said he with a malicious smirk. "I did not have the pleasure of meeting you on the steamer. You were almost always invisible and——"

"You need not proceed, Mr. Lorraine. You will explain your presence here at this moment. I did not send for you."

"You certainly did not," he said. "If I had waited for your summons, perhaps it never would have come."

"In that you are right. Where is my father and——"

Clyde stopped.

The name of the American adventuress had as yet never escaped her lips.

"You will pardon me if I keep that as a little secret."

"Then the interview is at an end," and the girl waved her hand toward the door.

"Indeed?" cried Lorraine. "I have never told you, my dear, that you belong to me."

"You? Wretch!" exclaimed Clyde. "Belong to you? Who gave me away?"

"Your father."

"Where?"

"In his office across the water."

"When?"

"A few weeks ago."

"I, of course, repudiate the agreement. I will not help carry it out. You are one of the greatest villains left unhung. You helped to loot the bank and sent hundreds into abject poverty."

A low derisive laugh parted Lorraine's lips.

"You do not seem to have a very high opinion of your future lord and master," he cried. "You repudiate the bargain, yet, if it is not carried out I may show my hand."

"Show it!" cried the girl with flashing eyes. "Throw all your cards on the table and let us see what you hold."

Lorraine drew back at the mien of the beautiful American who faced him. She had never looked so lovely before and more than ever he resolved that he would possess her.

"You love your father?" said he.

"I did love him with all my soul, but you know what he did."

"Despite that you would save him the disgrace of a prison. You would not go back to America with that stigma on your name."

"I am here for restitution. I represent the hundreds of poor people who entrusted their little all to one deemed honest and good. More than that, I am here for vengeance."

"But, my dear," proceeded Lorraine, "you will make a muss of the whole matter unless you keep your temper. These French are strange people and are as apt to clap you into prison as to proceed after your father."

"I will risk that," said Clyde. "My father, whom I know you have seen, has not beggared himself since quitting the United States though he is accompanied by a human leech. You know that he carries almost, if not quite, a million with him."

"He isn't a beggar, that's a fact," grinned Lorraine.

"I know that. He could not spend all the stolen money during his flight. He carries it with him."

"Perhaps it is wise in him to be his own treasurer."

Silence fell between the pair for a moment and then Lorraine, as if seeing his opportunity, went on.

"There is one way out of it—but one way for you to triumph and carry out your idea of reimbursement."

"How?"

The door, which until now stood slightly ajar, he gently, but firmly closed and turned to the fair girl again.

"Your father may be induced to give up some of the hoard," said he. "He may give up enough to help those in whom you take such great interest.'

"Whither has he gone?"

"Never mind that," and Lorraine smiled again. "Let that be in abeyance for the present. I was saying that he might be induced to yield up some of the cash in his possession."

"How?"

"I think I can get hold of it."

"You?"

"As one who knows all about it I am the

(Continued on page eleven.)

The sad story of MY FATHER'S GREAT SUFFERING FROM CANCER

Read the following and be convinced WE CAN CURE YOU.

Forty-five years ago my father who was himself a doctor, had a vicious cancer that was eating away his life. The best physicians in America could do nothing for him. After nine long years of awful suffering, and after the cancer had totally eaten away his nose and portions of his face (as shown in his picture here given) his palate was entirely destroyed together with portions of his throat. Father fortunately discovered the great remedy that cured him. This was over forty years ago, and he has never suffered a day since.

This same discovery has now cured thousands who were threatened with operation and death. And to prove that this is the truth we will give their sworn statement if you will write us. Doctors, Lawyers, Mechanics, Ministers, Laboring Men, Bankers and all classes recommend this glorious life-saving discovery, and we want the whole world to benefit by it.

HAVE YOU CANCER, Tumors, Ulcers, Abscesses, Fever Sores, Goitre, Catarrh, Salt-Rheum, Rheumatism, Piles, Eczema, Scald Head or Scrofula in any form.

We positively guarantee our great treatment, perfect satisfaction and honest service—or money refunded.

It will cost you nothing to learn the truth about this wonderful home treatment without the knife or caustic. And if you know anyone who is afflicted with any disease above mentioned, you can do them a Christian act of kindness by sending us their addresses so we can write them how easily they can be cured in their own home. This is no idle talk, we mean just what we say. We have cured others, and can cure you. Forty years experience guarantees success. Write us today; delay is dangerous. Illustrated Booklet FREE.

DRS. [illegible], 364 State St., HASTINGS, MICH.

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SHIPPED IN PLAIN BOX—EXPRESS PAID

Rieger's Monogram has the purity, age and flavor that make it the favorite with 300,000 customers who use only the best.

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FREE With each Order—two Sample Bottles Whisky, Glass and Corkscrew.

When you receive the Whiskey, try it and let your friends try it. If you are not thoroughly satisfied in every respect, return the rest and we will pay return charges and refund your money.

Orders from Arizona, California, Colorado, Florida, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, North Dakota, New Mexico, Oregon, Utah, Washington and Wyoming must be for 20 quarts, freight prepaid, or 20 cents per quart additional for either of above offers by express.

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STEVENS

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Girls enjoy shooting and profit by it no less than do boys. Decisiveness, self-reliance and sound health result from hours spent in the open. Give your daughter a "Little Krag" rifle, $5.00

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J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL CO.
160 Pine Street
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Pure Nonsense.

Dick—Now, if I were literary I would realize something on my love letters.

Dolly—I don't doubt it.

Dick—What do you think I would realize, dear?

Dolly—I think you would realize that you were a goose.

Incomplete.

Recent Investor—Well, if we did pay too much for the property we have a lot to be thankful for.

Mrs. Recent Investor—Yes, a lot, but they ain't any house on it.

JOKES AND

The Lawyer—H'm, and so you think you would like to be a lawyer, hey?
The Boy—Yes, sir. You see me folks object to me bein' a highway robber.

Great Disturbance.

"Yes, I shall never forget our experience in Holland," related the man who had just returned from abroad. "One night while stopping at a farmhouse there was a terrible earthquake that almost threw me out of bed."

"But they don't have earthquakes in Holland," corrected his wife.

"What? Didn't I feel the building shake?"

"Oh, that was caused by the other boarders dropping their wooden shoes."

New Rules.

Hotel Clerk (suspiciously)—Your bundle has come apart. May I ask what that queer thing is?

Guest—This is a new patent fire-escape. I always carry it, so in case of fire I can let myself down from the hotel window. See?

Clerk (thoughtfully)—I see. Our terms for guests with fire-escapes, sir, are invariably cash in advance.

An Unpromising Match.

Mrs. Henpeck—My dear, you will make a great mistake if you marry Mr. Mack. He has no beard, and he wears a wig.

Daughter—What difference does that make?

Mrs. Henpeck—Huh! You try managing a husband with no hair of his own, and you'll find out.

Shop.

"What an everlasting bore life is!" said the plutocratic tunnel contractor at the club.

"Not with me," yawned the millionaire miller. "It's one eternal grind."

Effect of Bathing Dresses.

First Girl—Don't you think these bathing dresses make girls look shorter?

Second Girl—I don't know, but they certainly make men look longer.

But Kind o' Wabbly.

Reporter (after the banquet)—It looks as if they'd had a pretty good time. The last toast, I suppose, was drunk standing.

Janitor—Yes, sir; and so was the crowd.

Experienced Firemen.

First Fireman—That alarm is from box 999.

Second Fireman—Great Ceasar! That's in a district full of fire-proof buildings. Hurry, or we'll have a terrible conflagration.

WINTER TOURIST RATES.

Chicago to Florida and Cuba via the Big Four Route through Cincinnati and Chattanooga. Leave Chicago 11:00 p. m., arrive Jacksonville 9:20 a. m. Pullman service to the South. Inquire of I. P. Spalding, General Northern Agent, 238 Clark Street, Chicago.

The Wandering Chickens.

Suburbs—Sir, your chickens have been coming over into my garden.

Kommewier—I was wondering what had become of 'em. Do you fry 'em or boil 'em?

A CURE FOR THE TOBACCO HABIT.

Mrs. M. Hall, 3202 11th Street, Des Moines, Iowa, has discovered a harmless remedy for the tobacco habit. Her husband was cured in ten days, after using tobacco for over thirty years. All desire for its use is gone. Can be filled by any druggist. Mrs. Hall will gladly send prescription free to anyone enclosing stamped envelope.

As One Looks at It.

His Wife—My new hat is a dream—a perfect dream.

Her Husband—And the bill for it is a nightmare—a perfect nightmare.

A Beautiful Niagara Picture.

There is nothing better to hang on one's study wall than a fine picture of some grand scene of nature. Niagara Falls is probably the grandest sight on earth, and one of the finest pictures of the cataract is the water color of Chas. Graham. This has been reproduced by lithography in twelve colors, 15x24 in., on heavy plate paper and will be sent to any postoffice in the world on receipt of fifty cents, in stamps or currency. Address, O. W. Ruggles, G. P. A., Michigan Central R. R., Chicago.

As to His Feet.

"See that man? Well, sir, he landed in this country with bare feet, and now he's got millions."

"Gee whiz! He's worse than a centiped, isn't he?"

AGENTS WANTED

Nearly all the readers of THE LEDGER will find these advertisements of interest to them. There will be found among them some excellent chances of making money by selling goods to friends, neighbors and others. Those seeking such an opportunity either as a regular or temporary occupation, should write the advertisers whose offers follow.

SWIFTLIT
WORKS LIKE CITY GAS
In Your Home or Store. No "Plumber" Needed.

Lights like a flash with a match. Just a turn back will make you safe. It's not a cap to explode if you use a "Swiftlit" burner. Think of that!

Entirely different from any lamp you ever saw. Not a wick, not a globe. Just a mantle that gives a steam incandescent light. Gives from 100 to 300 candle-light power—a penetrating soft light, the best to read and study by, or it will light your whole street front if hung over door.

Costs only 1 cent per hour burning. Lots simpler to operate than coal oil lamps, which is all the superiority claimed. Thousands of "Swiftlit" Lamps are used by the people of N. Y. It's now established in 1906. You won't afford to be without one. If you can be not afraid to put your money in a lamp of which you know nothing, write for a descriptive circular. It's free for the asking. Enter by return mail. Price only $2 if you want us. You will. PLANET MFG. CO., Dept. 16, ST. LOUIS.

LADIES Make big money. Great line. Write quick. The Green Mt. Chalice Co., Burlington, Iowa.

$36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES TO MEN with rigs to introduce our Poultry Goods. JAYHAWK CO., Dept. 38, PARSONS, Kansas.

$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we will furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Some of our workers have made over $5 a day. Write us at once. Don't delay, remember it costs you nothing to find out all about it. Write at once. ROYAL KNIT KNITTING CO., Box 2102 Detroit, Mich.

AGENTS WANTED **For Mend-a-Rip**

Quality improved. Better than ever. Sizes of blade of right and left hand shoemaker's knife. Saves its cost many times a year. A perfect hand Sewing Machine and Stitching Awl. Agents make big money. Sells on sight. Write quick for terms and territory. We will pay you $2 a day if you can't make a sale. Agents make as high as $12 a day. One agent made $60 last week. Sample by mail, 25c. Address, Mend-a-Rip Co., 2 E. Fort Dearborn Bldg. (H) Fredericktown, O.

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[NOTE—We have used the "Mend-a-Rip" outfit and find it as represented. This advertiser is reliable.—ED.]

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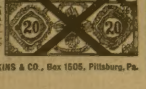


As entertaining and useful as exciting. Can be used as any ordinary pocket book. Sent, postpaid by mail on receipt of 25c. AGENTS WANTED.

W. C. WATKINS & CO., Box 1505, Pittsburg, Pa.

All Sleepers.

The old colored parson arose in his pulpit and addressed his flock.

"Brudduhs en sistahs, come on en git on de train foh Paradise. It lebes right away."

Then he glanced over his snoring congregation and shook his head sorrowfully.

"I reckon we bettah sidetrack dat train, deacon," he sighed.

"Why so, parson?" asked the deacon in surprise.

"'Kase deh's altogeddah too many sleepers foh one train heah."

Too Warm.

With pale face she awaited the verdict.

"And you told father your love for me was burning love?" she gasped at last to ask.

"I did," sighed the young man, who was perspiring from rumination.

"And that my heart was on fire?"

"Yes."

"And what did he say?"

"Why, he blazed away for fifteen minutes and if there had been any more combustions around here they would have had to call the fire engines."

Uncle Abner's Idea.

City Nephew—Uncle Abner, some of the city people accuse country folks of eating with their hands. You don't eat with your hands do you?

Uncle Abner—Wal, I should say not, my boy. I always make the hired men eat out in the kitchen.

Something Wrong.

Askitt—Didn't you say it was a case of love at first sight with Benedict?

Notitt—Yes.

Askitt—Well, that accounts for it.

Notitt—Accounts for what?

Askitt—His asking me for the address of a reliable oculist this morning.

Latest.

"That's an odd-looking attachment on top of that coffeepot," remarked the customer.

"Yes, sir," replied the polite clerk. "That is the 'Taft.'"

"The Taft?" What is it intended for?"

"Why, to hold the lid down."

Excellent Reason.

"Why is it," queried the inquisitive person, "that you have never married?"

"Because," explained the scanty-haired policeman, "I've never been able to find a woman who was willing to give bonds to keep the peace."

Which He Was Not.

Chumpley (gloomily)—What makes you think there is hope for me?

Miss Kidder—She told me she would not marry the best man living.

He Knew It.

"The oath of office," explained the bright clerk, "is what the boss says when he finds you loafing."

While from a miss he stole a kiss,
It needless was, 'twixt you and me.
'Twas just a play to do that way—
He might have had a dozen free.

JOLLITY

IT'S THE FOOD

The True Way to Correct Nervous Troubles.

Nervous troubles are more often caused by improper food and indigestion than most people imagine. Even doctors sometimes overlook this fact. A man says:

"Until two years ago waffles and butter with meat and gravy were the main features of my breakfast. Finally dyspepsia came on and I found myself in a bad condition, worse in the morning than any other time. I would have a full, sick feeling in my stomach, with pains in my heart, sides and head.

"At times I would have no appetite for days, then I would feel ravenous, never satisfied when I did eat and so nervous I felt like shrieking at the top of my voice. I lost flesh badly and hardly knew which way to turn until one day I bought a box of Grape-Nuts food to see if I could eat that. I tried it without telling the doctor, and liked it fine; made me feel as if I had something to eat that was satisfying and still I didn't have that heaviness that I had felt after eating any other food.

"I hadn't drank any coffee then in five weeks. I kept on with the Grape-Nuts and in a month and a half I had gained 15 pounds, could eat almost anything I wanted, didn't feel badly after eating and my nervousness was all gone. It's a pleasure to be well again."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Considerate.

They met in the alley.

"What's the matter wid yer face, Jimmy?" asked the little girl from the shanties.

"Aw, can't yer see I've got de toothache?" snapped Jimmy, holding on to his right jaw.

"Why, one side of me face is swelled up like a pumpkin."

"Well, don't worry, Jimmy. I'll pray fer yer tonight."

"Will yer, Madge? What yer going to pray?"

"I'm going to pray dat yer get de toothache in de other side so dat will swell up an' make yer face even."

Ladies, Preserve Your Youthful Appearance.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results.

Send ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

Too Puzzling.

"So you don't care for Boston girls?" interrogated the windmill drummer.

"No, by heck," drawled old Farmer Hardapple. "They put on too many frills with their words. For instance, my niece came from Boston and one day she told me to 'occlude' the door. By the time I got the dictionary out of the garret and found out what 'occlude' meant, the drafts had given the old woman the neuralgia, started up grandpa's rheumatism and laid up all the children with the whooping cough. No, Mister, I don't believe in unnecessary words."

HOW TO CURE CANCER

In from 5 to 20 days by my home treatment, mailed to all sending address to DR. G. M. CURRY, 1101 Cumberland, LEBANON, OHIO. I refer to any bank or business firm in Lebanon.

His Little Joke.

"Crows are hardy birds," remarked the boarder who is always delving in ornithology. "In cold weather I have known them to go five days without food."

"That's nothing," chuckled the comedian boarder. "I have known crows to go five years without food."

"Great Scott! What kind of crows were they?"

"Why, scarecrows."

And the landlady was so tickled over the joke she put salt in the coffee instead of sugar.

Flyers and How to Run Them.

"The reason you Westerners are so prejudiced against automobiles," said the man in the leather coat and big goggles, "is because you do not know how to run them."

"I don't know so much about that," drawled the mayor of Eagle Eye with a twinkle. "We ran six out of town yesterday."

A Change of Diet.

Visitor—Why do you make some of your pies round and some of them square?

Wife—Because my husband has been complaining of the sameness of his diet lately.

Prima Donna—Did you hear that drinking song of mine in the last act?
Comedian—I thought that was a drinking song, because it was such a high bawl.

He—But don't you think you could learn to love me?
She—Um—perhaps. I didn't care very much for Fido when I first got him.

AGENTS WANTED

Nearly all the readers of THE LEDGER will find these advertisements of interest to them. There will be found among them some excellent chances of making money by selling goods to friends, neighbors and others. Those seeking such an opportunity either as a regular or temporary occupation, should write the advertisers whose offers follow.

"Sells like blue blazes"

says one of our enthusiastic agents regarding our new 50c box of soap which contains six whopping big cakes of fine toilet soap and six premiums. Our agents are making big money. Our agents, real crews at homes, five teams agents. Agent in Durham made $1,000 first ten weeks. Write for free mammoth outfit or send only 15 cents for sample box. Address, PARKER CHEMICAL WORKS, Chicago, Ills.

AGENTS WANTED Sell 3 bottle Xermapellis for 50c; man to sell our goods to dealers. 200 per cent profit. Write today for terms. E. R. GUERIN, Box 1, Quincy, Ill.

$100 PER MONTH and traveling expenses paid; also man to sell our goods to dealers. Experience unnecessary. PEERLESS CO., 1 Dearborn St., Chicago.

4 CENTS to sell the Speedie Easy Floor Mop. WANT MORE SALESMEN. Weekly money getter over heard of. E. HILKEN, Chicago.

STARK GROWN best by Test—78 YEARS. We PAY CASH EVERY WEEK. WANT MORE SALESMEN. Weekly Stark Nurseries, Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N. Y.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with rig to introduce Poultry Compound. IMPERIAL MFG. CO., DEPT. T, PARSONS, KANS.

SELL TOBACCO and cigars, locally or traveling. Good side line. Good pay and promotion. Address Morehead Tobacco Works, Box 12, Richmond, Va.

AGENTS WANTED 20 sample Souvenir Post Cards 10c; 100 post; thirty well at sight, most beautiful cards published; new men. Send stamp for outfit. We trust. Novelty Card Co., Dept. 2, Atlanta, Ga.

Watches and other goods sent C. O. D. Privilege to examine. Catalogue & cash. Agents wanted. Ill. Watch & Jewelry Co., Dept. J, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED to sell the Sundee and Harness Repairing Outfit in every town. Write for terms. Sample free. LEWIS & HERSHAM, Mfrs., Burlington, Wis.

FREE
THIS AIR RIFLE SENT ALL PREPAID
Boys try for seller 10 of our beautiful 25c. scarf pins. New Eng. Supply Co Dept. 7 Attleboro, Mass.

AGENTS—PORTRAITS on PILLOW TOPS
At wholesale and retail prices. Write for agent's proposition today. Big prospects for re-orders—nobody else in the field. We treat agents squarely; guarantee satisfaction. Get particulars. Address ENGEL BROS., 925 W. Madison St., CHICAGO

FREE DRESS SKIRT Absolutely free to any lady for taking 4 orders. Send for free sample, set low and more money. Regular agents WANTED everywhere. Make $100 to $200 per day. JESSES & CO., 140 Van Buren Street, CHICAGO, ILLS.

Be Your Own Boss!

MANY MAKE $8,000 A YEAR.
You have the same chance. Start a Mail Order Business at home. We tell you how. Money coming in daily. Our system removes every defect. Write at once for our "Success" and FREE particulars. G. W. KYSER-CO., 1245 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

MEN WANTED Reliable men in every locality throughout the United States to introduce our new guaranteed 20th century stock specialties, famous, bridges and all conspicuous places; distributing small advertising matter. Steady work, salary $90 a month and expenses $3 a day. Steady employment to good, reliable men. We pay your wages for you. No experience needed. Write for full particulars. EXPERT COMPANY, London, Canada.

AGENTS MAKE MONEY

We have a brand new proposition out—agents now at work are making $23 to $40 a week selling the new Aluminum Multiple Reflecting Shade for all gas lights, electric bulbs and oil lamps. The grandest selling thing of the kind ever invented. Throws the light down to greatly increased brilliancy. Sells quickly to stores, offices, work shop and the home. WRITE FOR TERMS AND ALL PARTICULARS. Address SUN GAS BURNER CO., 18 Federal Street, ALLEGHENY, PA.

BED COVER CLAMPS.

Do you or your bed fellow pull cover cold nights? PATRICK'S PATENT COVER CLAMPS will hold the cover together and keep it straight on the bed. Write at once for illustrated matter, or send $1.00 for sample set. Agents Wanted. Address W. D. PATRICK, Box H, Erie, Pa.

AGENTS SELL FARMERS TOOLS
Wanted for our Forged Steel Combination Handles, Wire Cutter, Screw Driver, Hammer, Pinch Bar and Nail Puller. Used and sold on sight. Write for terms and catalogue which you have only time. It will pay you. Exclusive territory. Agents sell as high as fifty a day. Get a county. Write quick. Don't delay. Agents are now making from $100 to $200 per month. Specie men considered. Sterling Manufacturing Co. established for exposing farmers, Box 1, Sterling, Ill. Write for Free Catalogue and Full Particulars. Write today for catalog of novelties, special prizes, plans to agents.
FREE CATALOGUE
A. E. Perry Foundry Co., Dept. 606, Fredericktown, Ohio.

ARE YOU IN IT

The Agents Directory is published for novelty dealers, jobbers and manufacturers. It is full of names and addresses of those who buy goods. It is used and listed by agents, canvassers, peddlers, etc. We will put your name and address in the next Directory, which we are going to publish in a few weeks. We send them Directories in big flocks everywhere so they can write to the names in it. All we ask is $1.00 for putting your name in the directory. Don't miss this chance. We have many valuable and well paying users and manufacturers and Jobbers. Send a dime and get in the next forecast. Address AGENT'S DIRECTORY, Indiana, Penna.

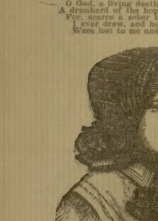
When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

Cures Drunkards

Mary's Miracle.

The day of working miracles,
I'm sure is far from past,
And now to show you what I mean,
I'll tell you of the last.
Great one that happened right to me,
For I am part of it, you see.

You know the life I used to lead—
O God, a living death,
A drunkard of the hopeless kind—
For, scarce a sober breath
I ever drew, and hope and pride
Were lost to me and nearly all beside.



One friend alone was left—my wife.
God bless her every hour!
The great truth that a drunkard's grave,
And whisker's wicked power,
Just how she stayed the ruin shall see—
This is the way she told it me.

When hope was almost dead within
Her faithful, constant breast,
She read of Dr. Haines' Cure,
Then without stay or rest,
She sent for one Trial Sample free,
And gave it obedience to me!

I drank of it at ev'ry meal—
I ate it in my bread,
While Mary watched me anxiously,
But not a word she said;
Until one day I stopped to think,
That I had lost my love for drink!

When quite unconscious I was cured,
My heart told me all;
It seemed the very act of God,
A modern miracle;
I call it this, because my wife
And Haines' Cure had saved my life.

And now my little story's done,
My ev'ry word is true,
And what this friend did for me,
The same 'twill do for you;
And wives and mothers, one and all,
Take heart of Mary's Miracle.

Save those near and dear to you from a life of degradation, misery and disgrace. You can do it by cutting out this coupon.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON.

Fill in your name and address on blank lines below, and send this coupon to the Dr. J. C. Haines Co., 1905 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio. You will receive in return enough of the remedy to prove to you that it will cure drunkenness in any form. You give it in tea, coffee or food. The drunkard will never know anything concerning why. You will also get books and testimonials to prove how hundreds have been saved.

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Post Cards 5 Handsome Holiday Greetings for 10c. Send to-day. Harmony Art Co., Roosevelt, N. Y.

SURE Eczema Cure Formula One Dollar. Mention this paper. Owens, Yazoo City, Miss.

KIDNEY DISEASES CURED BY MY NEW SYSTEM. Symptoms, Spasms and Book Free. Dr. J. T. Shaffer, Specialist, 1 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

PATENTS SECURED or FEE Returned. Send for 24-page Book. Free opinion as to Patentability. Illustrated Guide Book and What to Invent, sent free. Address EVANS, WILKESS & CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.

I WILL GROW HAIR ON ANY BALD HEAD. For whom hair comes. A harmless remedy that will grow hair on bald heads, or faces, in from one to three months. SIERRA CURTIS CO., Suite 18, 102 State St., Chicago.

Post Cards Free !

Collects such as Everybody Writes Each Day. Send 10c. for 10 Cards, Name of Book and Catalogue. Address, Publishers' Novelty Co., Dept. 1, Chicago. The BEST post card game ever issued. Contains 52 cards in all. Each card has a different question. Can be played by any number of persons. Price 10c. postpaid. Address, Publishers' Novelty Co., Dept. 1, Chicago.

This ELEGANT Watch $3.75

Guaranteed a correct time-keeper, with fine quality 7-jewel movement, in 20-year gold-filled hunting case, with fine gold finish dial. Sent C. O. D. for $3.75, with CHAIN AND CHARM FREE. Examine at express office and if satisfactory pay agent $3.75 and express charges and it is yours. Write for free watch and jewelry catalogue. Address, A. PEARCE & CO., 92 State St., CHICAGO.

9 CORDS IN 10 HOURS

BY ONE MAN, with the FOLDING SAWING MACHINE. It folds like a pocket-knife. Saws any kind of wood as fast as any kind of power machine. Cuts off trees 12 in. thick in 10 seconds. Saws 9 cords in 10 hours. Weighs only 6 lbs. Strong, durable, practical, convenient. Every machine guaranteed. Price $3.50 prepaid. Send for free booklet. AGENTS WANTED. THE FOLDING SAWING MACHINE CO., 150-152 E. Harrison Street, Chicago, Illinois.

THE CRAZY QUILT.

One time I met a crazy quilt,
But I was not aware
That it was crazy, until it
Gave me a dreadful scare.

Its great delusion was that I
Was it, and it was I—
It tucked me in the mattress, and
Said, "Sing a lullaby!"

This worried me extremely, so
I thought I would retreat,
When suddenly the quilt essayed
To kick me off its feet.

It then arose and said some things
In sweet falsetto tone,
And then it called a bellboy and
Said: "I don't like this room."

With gentle hand the bellboy took
The quilt, and softly said:
"The poor old quilt is crazy, sir;
And it must go to bed."

And as he went away I asked
What caused its lunacy.
"Alas," he answered, "for it was
Strung by a quilting bee.

"Since then its pattern is so loud
It cannot go to sleep,
And so it always seeks excuse
To scold or swear or weep."

Now, when I see a crazy quilt,
It fills me with alarm—
I always try to comfort it
With friendly sympathy.

THE RACE FOR THE SWITCH.

By ALVAH MILTON KERR.

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The first time I sat down to receive a train order from the dispatcher my hand trembled; and the anxiety I felt then at the thought of controlling the safety of so many human lives constantly recurred to a greater or less degree during the fourteen years that I was a telegrapher.

After thirteen months at the key without serious error, I was transferred from a small station on a branch of the system to a station on the main line. The railway was one of four which now stretch from Chicago to the Pacific coast.

The village of Badger, at which I was stationed, is in the southern part of Iowa. Some thirty miles west of it lies one of the principal cities of the State. Two of the great trunk lines between this town and parallel, and sometimes every close together, for about seventy miles, to the point where I operated—incidentally checking, writing way-bills, and otherwise aiding the station-agent—in the work of the rival roads were not sixty yards apart.

Between the railway superintendents there was something worse than coldness, and the trains of the two lines had frequently snuffed each other till they became bitter.

The real rivalry between the employees of the two companies, however, did not manifest itself in train-racing on the parallel tracks between Badger and the city which lay westward. Occasionally two trains would pull out of Badger at almost the same moment, and then there was sure to be a stirring contest for miles along the valley.

If the engineers were young, there would be much shaking of fists and yelling where the cuts were narrowest and engines drew side by side; if passenger trains, there would be laughter, catcalls, waving of handkerchiefs.

I had learned telegraphing in a commercial office, and regarded railway work because it seemed to offer a better prospect of advancement. Being fond of train telegraphy, I naturally tried hard to grasp and retain the verbal instructions given me by the superintendent in Chicago before I went out to work on the road.

"You see, I wish to impress on your mind," the great man had said, with a preoccupied air, "the danger of our turn back your signal simply to allow some other train, for whatever reason, to pass us by without stopping. You will be tempted to do this: for sometimes you will receive an order to hold a freight train when a passenger train is almost due. You may say to yourself: 'I won't ease the engineer, or you my say, 'I won't trouble the engineer to get off and come back to me if I have orders for him, but will drop my signal for the freight as soon as the passenger train has pulled out.' Don't you do this my boy: for sooner or later you will forget to drop your signal, and a disaster may be caused. Then the freight you were ordered to hold may get away from you. There would be no telling what might happen! Drop your signal when ordered to hold a freight." he repeated. "Do it mentally."

I think I appreciated the importance of this advice at the time it was given, but in the course of my work the temptation which the superintendent mentioned had presented itself so often, and so naughtily, and was crowded with trains, that my direct sense of the importance of the instruction had become somewhat blunted. At last the time came when I disregarded the warning. There were no orders against me that time, for I was alive to the importance of displaying my signal before fulfilling the demands of the train which I did not want to hold. But fatalmisery will dumfound bravado in dangerous seas of mind. The fatal moment of forgetfulness at last arrived.

At that time the Badger station made a passenger train on the rival line and one of our freight trains—No. 12—arrive there both going west-ward, at nearly the same moment. One very hot July day I received an order to hold this freight train—No. 12—for orders. It usually met our east-bound express at a siding seven miles west of Badger, the freight train taking the siding as a matter of course, and thus permitting the express to pass by without delay. But freight train No. 12 on this July day was preceded by a special train, which was ordered to make the siding west of Badger, and wait there for the express to pass. That both the freight and special might not be crowded on the siding at the same time, I was given orders to hold the freight at Badger.

Listening to the orders flying to and fro upon the dispatcher's wire, I was fully aware of the situation. The special was making fast time toward the west, and I decided not to stop her. So I turned back my signal, which I had dropped for No. 12, the freight—I turned it back as the special approached. Accordingly she went by without stopping. Then I should have at once dropped my signal to stop the coming freight train. But as the special roared past me, Engineer Stewart stopped there hurriedly into my room and threw down some billing directions on the table. "Grab that onto paper quick, so the goods can go on No. 12," he said: "I've got to mark the boxes," and he hurried out.

No. 12 was almost due. I seized a pen and began hastily filling the goods, the all-important matter of holding the train, being driven from my mind. Doubtless the special had returned to me, but first the proper classification of the stuff to be billed puzzled me, since the shipping directions were not entirely clear. Then I fell into reflection regarding the rate to be charged, the destination of the goods, the line on another road, and so No. 12 had pulled up to the platform by the time I had put the finished bill into the copying-press.

"Where's your bills?" I heard the conductor ask, as I stood waiting by the press.

"Bring the bills!" bawled the station-master. I pushed the bills into his hand previously made, and ran out. As the men were both aboard, I ran back in a moment and attempted to take the mischief-making paper from the press. A portion of it adhered so tightly to the copying-book that, jerking it in my haste, I tore the bills into two parts. I began to mend the vexatious thing by pasting a piece of paper over the fresh breakage.

The conductor was shouting for me to hurry. Some one was calling me on the wire, and, finally, I saw the man with the figure "Jr." which implied "wait a moment," and then I ran out upon the platform with the bill. And then I saw No. 12 rolling out, with two of the brakemen pushing the door of a freight-car ajar. The conductor snatched the bill from my hand and swung upon the rear platform of the caboose.

"Here, help me roll these boxes over against the wall, so as to clear a place for the baggage from No. 4!" snarled the agent.

I fell to willingly, but as the third box banged against the board the dispatcher's order shot through my mind. I leaped for it with a great breath and stood still an instant. No. 12 was rattling out through the switches at the western end of the yard. A glanced back at my signal. It was "clear." I had forgotten to drop it. Hot with shame, I turned to the agent.

"Twelve has gone without her orders!" I gasped.

I saw the agent's heat-reddened face whiten, but I only caught a glimpse of it, for I was already off. A thought, a desperate hope, leaped through my brain. Then, like a monster, everything took on a strange and unearthly vividness and significance.

I turned and rushed into the office. The dispatcher was calling me furiously, using the signal "JR," which on that circuit means "train-order." I dashed the circuit-breaker back and said, "No. 12 has gone," struck the circuit again impatiently, waiting for a reply, then bounded into the ticket-office, caught a switch-key from a nail near the baggage checks, and leaped out of the open window upon the north platform.

I ran toward the rival road. Its afternoon express was some two hundred feet distant, and it was pulling away from the station. I must catch it. As I ran at almost speed obliquely across the dusty open space toward it I heard my station-agent shouting something after me.

"Turn the signal and hold everything that comes along!" I shouted over my shoulder and ran ahead.

I made straight for the express engine. A long string of freight-cars stood on a switch, and behind this the engine was disappearing. I bent my course farther toward the west, where I saw an empty flat car in the string. As I leaped upon the level floor of the car, the engine was passing. With one bound I crossed the flat car and plunged headlong into the gangway of the engine.

The leap was a long one, and the breath was knocked out of me by the fall. When I got my senses again, both the engineer and fireman had me in their hands, shaking and holding me on my feet.

"Our 12—she's gone—I forgot the signal—she and No. 4 will come together!" I gasped. "I want to get—to get to the gravel-pit switch and throw—and throw '12' in there!"

The words came from my throat in little spurts, for I was choking and struggling for breath. The engineer let go of me with an angry exclamation, jumped upon his seat and clanged the throttle-lever into the last notch. The great machine headed forward so suddenly that I was thrown back upon the coal in the tender, the fireman staggered back clutching at the tank-hose, and the coupling-irons were jerked clean from the end of the flat car behind the tender. With the mail-car, baggage-car and smoker, we tore out through the switches and on into the open valley.

Six miles west of Badger the tracks of the two roads came within thirty feet of each other. This was at a point where they passed between two hills with a stagnant creek crossing them on trestle-work. The rails of our road were laid on the right hand side of the valley.

Just beyond the hills the stream turned north using through our road-bed under a bridge, and just east of this bridge was a switch from which a spur track led up the creek a hand of a mile, to the gravel-pit. The siding on which the special would pull in for the express was a mile farther west.

Was it possible to beat the freight to this gravel-pit switch? Would I have time to cross the creek, climb the bank, and throw the switch? We had six miles of it in it, but the freight-train had more than half a mile the start of us. She was heavy and running down-grade, and hurrying to reach the siding just as usual, that she might not delay the express. Another thing terrifying consideration was this: Should the special reach the siding before the freight would run on, expecting to meet the freight at Badger, according to orders, and so the express might strike the freight east of the gravel-pit spur.

My blood stood still and hot alternately. I gasped with dry lips as I hung in the gangway between the engine and tender, intensely trying to push the roaring machine to swifter speed.

In ten minutes the blood of a hundred men, women, and children might be on my soul! In the next minute it might not seem to the hope that I might avert the calamity. Was the wind with me? I did so. If I should reach the fatal ground in time to throw myself between the colliding engines and perish I was ready.

As, clinging to the hand-rails, I hung out of the gangway, the engineer's face was not three feet from me. It shone stern and pale under streaks of oily smut. He was not looking or talking to me ahead of us. The fireman never spoke, but swayed back and forth between the coal pile and the furnace like a pendulum.

We went round the curves and over the straight stretches of track like mad.

"There she is!" I shrieked, as "the freight hove out of a piece of woods ahead of us. The noise was so great that I could hardly hear my own voice.

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The engineer caught the whistle lever and blew blast after blast, the engine rolled from side to side, a strange hum of steam and flames jarred under its roaring clamor, and we thundered on through woods and fields in pursuit. The head brakeman, risking his life, came clamoring over the rear of the tender, shouting something. No one heeded him. A cloud of dust and smoke swept back from the cars behind us. Trees, fences, telegraph poles, all objects rushed to the rear as if impelled by a sudden, tremendous force.

In three or four minutes the time seemed very long to me we were opposite the caboose of the [illegible]. She was running at high speed, curving and straightening, jumping and disappearing, as she went roaring down the long grade. At points we were within a few hundred feet of her and again a quarter of a mile apart. Now and then members of her crew shook their fists at us, the head brakeman danced on the runni[illegible] heard of the excitement and [illegible]ment, but the frenzy came to the gang[illegible] hundredth [illegible] novel. All were grinding.

Thus they raced with us. To me it was hideous, awful. If I could only leap across the distance and tell them that they were racing to meet death! Involuntarily I got down upon the low iron step below the gangway.

"Come back! You'll be thrown off!" shouted the engineer.

I drew myself up. He sounded the whistle. He was speaking motions to the fireman and crew, but they took it as fun and raced on.

Gradually we drew by them. At the end of four minutes they were [illegible] a fourth of a mile behind us. We were going down the steepest part of the line, and running at frightful speed.

Again I got down on the step, clinging hard to the hand-rods. The drivers were spinning beside me like glimmering webs, the ground flowed under us like a streaming sheet, the sway and roar of the flying engine [illegible] terrifying. I glanced at the engineer. His teeth were grinding fiercely on a piece of tobacco; his gray eyes looked black.

"When we're 'bout there I'll plug her!" he shouted. "Jump for the bank! Climb the creek by the switch! Hang on for your life when I throw her over!"

As we came whirling around a curve and entered the neck of the valley, I slipped down with one hand on the rod above me and clutching the openwork of the stirrup-like step, while my right hand was above my head, gripping the hand-rod. From this position I was ready to throw myself outward at any moment. My left hand and muscle in me seemed drawn and rigid, as if ready to snap.

A big, dirty hand slipped down the rod and patted mine. I saw the engineer's ashen face above me. In the thunder of machinery I heard his voice: "Look out! Hold tight!" and suddenly there came the jar and grind of drivers reversed and the crashing together of draw-heads. In the same moment I saw the trees of the creek below me, and I let go my hold.

I went outward and down like a bullet. In what position I struck the shallow water of the creek I do not know. I was only conscious of whirling over and over and over, and landing against the opposite bank with a sudden crush of all my senses. My left arm and head seemed doubled under me and stuck fast. Then I felt myself sliding down, and dashing the water and mud from my eyes, scrambled up the bank, and gained the track.

I could see but dimly, and my mouth and throat were filled with water and earth. Choking for breath, I stumbled across the track, feeling for the switch, but I could not find it. For a moment I got a glimpse of its target some two hundred feet farther west, and made for it. I could hear the freight roaring behind me, and as I ran I heard an engine whistle in front of it. The woods that spread toward the west.

"The express!" I panted. "They will come together right here!"

It seemed as if I would never get to the switch, and yet I was straining every sinew to breaking. As I neared the spur I began to realize that I was [illegible]. I felt my left arm and leg dropped before me. With a great throb of fear I fell upon it, jerking it into my hand again. I scrambled to the switch and caught the locking bar sweeping from it as the freight engine seemed fifty feet distant when I pulled the pin and threw myself against the lever.

As I felt the rails come over I heard the wild scream of a whistle far behind me, and as I thrust in the iron pin again, the thundering monster was upon me. For an instant I seemed blown away from my feet by a rush of air and steam, there was an indescribable shock of noise and glimmering machinery, and the long train of cars went swaying and grinding up the track toward the [illegible].

At the same moment the express came round a curve not five hundred feet away. Instantly there was a mad believing of her whistle, the tearing of reversed drivers, the jolt of coaches thrown against one another.

Then came the supreme moment. If the freight cleared the main track and I could throw the switch back all would be saved. If not then there was death for me and many others.

I clung to the lever with but one thought, the determination to throw the switch back or die under the box cars the express must strike them.

The suspense was but for a few seconds. The caboose of the freight-train whirled by. I jammed the lever over with all my strength and locked it in the pin; a gush of steam burst in my face; wheels and shadowy things whirled before me, and I fell down the bank into darkness.

When consciousness was again mine, I was being carried along the track toward the rear coach of No. 4. A crowd of people walked along beside me.

"Hello, he's come to!" said a voice. "Stand him on his feet!"

I stood up, wavering weakly. A great smear of mud soiled the conductor's white shirt-bosom where my head had lain. His hands and face were muddy. My lips began to quiver.

"There don't break down and blubber, not after doing a thing like that!" he said, but tears were running down his cheeks.

I looked round at the people and at the train, but I could not [illegible].

"Your is all right," said the engineer, striking me a blow on the shoulder that nearly toppled me over, "and No. 17 will be [illegible] gravel-bank! Brace up, my boy.

"All board!" shouted the conductor, rubbing his knuckles across his wet face as he [illegible].

[illegible] a telegram signed [illegible] Ford. "You are suspended from service. Come at once to Chicago. My punishment was, however, not severe. After a short interview I was again summoned before the superintendent, [illegible] everything into consideration," he began; and before I was quite ready for what was coming, he had handed me an order, transferring me to what proved, on the whole, a more desirable station.

This thrilling story is published here by permission of the publishers of a book of most remarkable railroad stories, entitled "Young Heroes of Wire and Rail." The stories are largely founded on fact, and recount many thrilling and extraordinary acts of heroism by telegraph operators and train dispatchers and trainmen. The book was written by an ex-train dispatcher, and contains much valuable information as well as thrilling adventure. It is beautifully bound and illustrated and contains nearly 400 pages. Its price is $1.00. Address Lieut. Shepard, 93 Federal street, Boston, Mass.

Hard to Reach.

Edna—And did you jump when he kissed you, dear?

Clarence—I had to. He is 6 feet 4 and I am only 5 feet 1.

Solving a Difficulty.

Although it is not given to every one to know exactly what to do at the right moment, one stands at least on a par with the presence of mind which may, without exaggeration, be considered phenomenal.

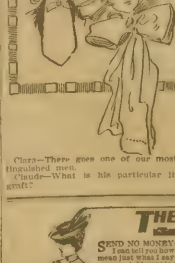
This woman's little boy was ailing from some trifling childish complaint, and necessitated his taking medicine. He had just received his diurnal dose, when his mother somewhat suddenly exclaimed:

"I quite forgot to shake the bottle afore givin' it to you, Johnnie. Come, switch quick."

Johnnie obeyed, and much to his astonishment and disgust, he was at once subjected to a vigorous shaking by the strong arms of his mother, at the conclusion of which he was gently laid down, with the consoling remark:

"There, my laddie, that'll dae. It should be gey weel mixed up noo. I'm thinkin'; but never let me forget to shake the bottle again!"

Natural Question.



Clara—There goes one of our most distinguished men.

Ada—What is his particular line of graft?

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The Stolen Millions.

(Continued from page seven.)

[illegible]person to get next to the money, Miss Clyde. Without my help not a penny of it will ever be returned."

"But how?" asked the girl. "What is your plan?"

She was telling Lorraine on, but he did not know it. He could not fathom her designs nor look into her secret soul and see what was there.

"Give me your hand now—let us go at once to a priest here in Paris, and I swear that the worst shall be yours in a week's time."

For a moment Clyde Pentland did not speak. Her color came and went, leaving her face as pale as the driven snow upon the Alps.

Slowly her hand raised and the outstretched finger pointed over the cashier's head to the door.

"Quit this room at once!" came slowly over her lips. "Become your wife—the wife of a forger and perhaps a murderer? You have robbed the starving and the vengeance of God hunteth now for you. Go! If you remain a moment I may forestall the law and stiffen in death the hand that has begrared hundreds!"

Lorraine fell back, his jaws dropping apart, for in her hand, with distended eyes, he caught the glint of the barrel of a six-shooter.

This remarkable story of bank looting, exhibitions of which have shocked and surprised the country recently, will be continued in the Ledger next week. In it will pay you most emphatically to read this dramatic story to the end, it will also pay you to become a subscriber to the Ledger if you are not already one. Send in your subscription and receive free six of our splendid patterns or one of our Fall Designs as advertised on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Fighting a Devil Fish.

Devil fish grow to great size in the Pacific ocean and most uncanny are some of the stories told of them. The keeper of the Avalon zoological station says of an adventure he himself had: "I was fishing at the time with several partners out of San Francisco. It was our custom to go out to the islands and spend a week or more at the deep-sea fish. It was a rough place, nearly always windy, and a good deal of rain and squalls, and often we had to let our lines go and run in to the lee of the rocks, the boat rolling in the trough of the sea when it stopped fishing. I thought I was the only one with a devil hand, and after a while felt it give and begin to come up, but very heavy. It was slow work hauling in a devil, taking off a fish and killing sharks that got hooked, and it was some time before I got it to the surface. It was a rock. Each had just taken a turn about a rowlock with the line, to rest, when it surged, and hooking over I saw a great mottled ball out of which shot a long arm that took hold of the gunwale and let go.

"We often caught devil fish, and there was a demand for them, so the mark[illegible] do I tried to pull it up; but another arm came up, as big around as my leg, and the mottled mass hanging to the bottom of the boat. Then I reached for a hatchet—a kind of cleaver—my partner doing the same. The devil fish was caught by several of the trawl hooks and tried to fasten to the boat to get rid of them. Its arms shot out of the water like fingers, and I saw one on the size of my arm and growing bigger near the body. I didn't wait, but slashed at them right and left cutting them on the tail.

"Some of the tentacles near the body looked as big around as my leg, and the whole arm or feeler was nearly twice as long as the boat. The arms were covered with twelve feet long, and the body two or three times the size of a man's head. The whole mass was so big that we were glad to chop it to pieces as it came aboard, and then to punch it away from the boat with oars and to get rid of it; it was too heavy to take aboard, especially in a rough sea."

Harmless Kind.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a safe-blower?

Pa—A safe blower, my son, is a man who tells long-winded stories about himself that nobody can disprove.

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AN UNDERGROUND CHASE;

Or,

THE BANDITS OF NEEDLE PEAK.

BY COLONEL W. R. ANDREWS.

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CHAPTER I.

IN THE JAWS OF DEATH.

"You shall never leave this place alive, Mark Powers!"

"Oh, you think so, Cougar Bill?"

"I know so."

"What's to prevent me?"

"I and my——" But come, face about and march straight ahead. If you lower your hands a hair's breadth, I'll bore you. Come, get moving!"

There was nothing for Mark Powers, the Bandit Scourge, to do but obey. Cougar Bill had the drop on him. And so, completely at the fellow's mercy, the young man faced about and marched down the rocky corridor, his enemy close behind, revolver ready should he falter.

The villain was a young man of Mark's own height and build, and, in the dim light of the cavern where they walked, apparently of a close resemblance, facially, to the heroic leader of a band of cowboys who had been on the trail of Cougar Bill for some months.

But closer scrutiny would have revealed that his countenance, instead of being frank and open like Mark's, was crafty and cunning, and furthermore, bore the marks of crime and dissipation. As Mark gave a last look, his eyes glittered with fierce joy, and the very tone of his voice showed that he hated the young leader with vindictive fury, and that he would wreak vengeance on the lad he had in his power.

For he and Mark were no strangers. Cougar Bill, as he called himself, had been the leader of a bloody band of border ruffians which months before, the young Bandit Scourge had set out to exterminate. At that time, Bill's band was operating on the Mexican border, but, finding that, after a spirited campaign, Mark and his companions had scattered the gang and captured all but Bill and a few of his most desperate followers who had fled northward.

For months Mark had been on the trail of their trail, but after tracing them to Northern California they disappeared.

Then some time later, news had come that a gang of "bad men" were terrorizing the neighborhood of Needle Peak, and Mark Powers and his cowboys had been asked to come to the relief of the miners of that region.

Mark's company had been working on the trail for several days, as it led directly to the mountain, but there it was lost.

Now, thought Mark, as he advanced in the gloomy passage, "I've come upon the trail all right, but is that last worrying me? half as much as how I'm going to profit by it, or how I'm to pull out and get the other fellows to safety? I don't know, and I am not how I got here. The outlook isn't very promising and that's all I can say about it dark."

And Mark had good reason for this reflection. He couldn't see more than a couple of paces in front of him, and what he could see was nothing but the rocky corridor.

With his company he had been scouting about Needle Peak. He had advanced inwards a growth of underbrush when, suddenly the ground gave way, and the next thing he distinctly remembered was attacking with his hands up in the long, dark tunnel, and the bit of revolver in the hand Cougar Bill, already recorded.

He stumbled on a few paces and then, unable to restrain the natural curiosity, he asked:

"Bill, where am I?"

"Where you will never get out alive," was the startling reply.

"All right, Bill, you can think so if you want to, but I'd like to know where that is, just the same."

The outlaw laughed softly.

"Would you, now?" he answered. "Well, I'll tell you, or look ahead and tell me what you see, and I guess that will answer your question all right."

While they had been talking, they had turned a corner and Mark could now see plainly where he was.

Their path had debouched into a small cavern which was quite light, though how the light got there Mark could not determine. The cavern was not large, perhaps a quarter of a mile in circumference. A number of openings in the rocky walls were apparently the mouths of passages similar to the one they had just traversed, leading into this common center from all directions.

In the middle of this cave was a huge steel cage. It consisted of eight compartments, separated from each other by bars of steel which rose to the roof, curving in like the spokes of a wheel. In the center space of the cage was a square chamber, entirely surrounded by the compartments, and then cut off from the cave itself. Small gates, which could be raised with a lever from the outside, afforded ingress from the compartments to the chamber in the center.

This cage alone would have caused Mark alarm, but its contents made even his brave heart contract with momentary terror. For within each of the compartments to the chamber was confined a huge puma, or mountain lion—sometimes called a cougar—and the whole eight of them were roaring and dashing themselves against their bars as though they would tear them down in their eagerness to get at the two young men who stood looking at them.

Mark's alarm was only momentary. Controlling himself he turned to Cougar Bill and observed:

"Got a menagerie here, Bill?"

"Oh, no," retorted the villain, his face distorted in a grin of fiendish glee. "Them's my boarders."

"That so," replied Mark. He saw that the fellow wished to terrify him and preserved his outward composure. "I wouldn't want to be too particular as to the kind of boarders I'd like there, but it's a lot to feed them."

"Well, you ain't cost me much," retorted Bill, Mark's coolness having apparently infuriated him; "and you're a lot to feed them. An' I gets lots like you."

"So that explains where these miners have disappeared, that we came out here to look for, does it?"

"That's about the ticket, kid. A number of them critters what's worryin' their friends is lodgin' in one of my beauties in there."

As he uttered these words, his face assumed an horrible expression that Mark dropped his arms and grappled with the villain. The conflict was a short one. With a blow of his pistol, Bill dazed his opponent and then choked him until the life was almost taken out of the lad. When he accomplished this, the ruffian thrust Mark against the wall and once more compelled him to hold up his hands.

"Now don't get fresh, kid. I could ha' finished you, but I'm going to have more sport with you. Them little cats o' mine in there," leering hideously as he spoke, "ain't had a real fair square meal for days and you're going to feed them. But I'll have a little fun out of it before that, for I want to see you playing round with them big kitties and as I don't want them to pull your head and another chew your leg, and the others play with your body, just like a lot o' cats with a rat. Oh, I'm going to have lots of fun with you, Mark Powers, before I get through with you."

"You villain!"

"Oh, I don't worry about that. You see, I always fancied them cats and I liked to watch them feed. I used to be in the circus business, and managed the famous 'Lion Tamer' in Hagenbach's animal show? Well, I can tell there never was a more individual."

Mark nodded. The horror which the man's cold-blooded infamy had inspired him with was passing away, and his active brain was already scheming as to how he was to get away from his captor.

"Well," continued Bill, "I be the lion tamer. After I quit the show business and joined the gang I kept my lions here, right inside Needle Peak, and after you and your precious gang got to hunting for me and the rest got back here. I gave the lions their old keeper first meal after I got here. Don't want no blabbers round me."

And the cold-blooded reprobate slowly rolled a cigarette, watching Mark out of the corner of his eye. Mark's countenance was unmoved.

"Well," he said at length.

"Well," replied Bill, "you ain't very cheerful about serving as a breakfast, be you?"

"Oh," returned Mark, coolly. "I haven't got to the worrying point yet."

"Bluff won't work, kid," retorted Bill. "I mean it and don't you forgit it. I've been waitin' for you for a long time, but I knew I'd get you at last.'

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Mark.

"Why, nothing more than Charley Price never failed me yet."

"Price? Why, what has he to do with my capture? What do you know about Charley Price?"

"Oh, I know lots. He joined your band of —— two months ago, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"Got you to come out here looking for the lost miners, strayed or stolen, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"And you never got wise! Ain't he the corker, though!"

"What do you mean?"

"What do I mean, you young whelp," re-

torted the other, his face black with sudden passion, his voice hoarse with fury. "I'll tell you what I mean. I sent Charley Price to you. He's one of my men. I sent him to you to bring you and your broncho-busters here where I could get at you."

"The traitor!"

At Mark's epithet, Bill's face went deathly pale, his finger quivered on the trigger, and his voice was cold and deadly as he continued:

"Be careful of your words. Price is a member of my gang and he's served me well. I ordered him to join your party and decoy you here. He's done his duty to me, and by Heaven, if you call him a traitor again I'll bore you full of holes so that you wouldn't be of any use even as a tea strainer."

Mark realized that Bill's fury was deadly, and since he must preserve his life to perform his duty—for he had determined if he was given the least opportunity to make good his escape from that den and join his fellows—he wisely held his tongue.

The Cougar Bill seemed to read his thoughts.

"It's no use, Mark Powers," he said with a chuckle, "you can't get out; and as for your pals—they're pretty faithful to you, ain't they?"

Mark deigned no reply.

"Don't speak, if you don't want to," continued Bill, maliciously. "I know they're faithful to you. I counted on that. They will be gettin' kinder curious as to what's become o' you. They're watchin' about that hole you fell through arter I set that trap so neatly for yer to drop into this cave from the top of ther ground. I'll bet that they are waitin' for their dear lord and master to come up. Well, he won't. Perhaps they will get a rope and lower it, and come down one by one. And," he leered at his love again, "my little pussies will have a feast!"

The horror of the scene, the devilishness of the man who had him captive, the presence of the silently running and loud roar-

Dora drew her revolver.

ing beasts within their cages were getting too much for Mark. Throwing all caution to the winds, he shouted at his tormentor:

"Do your worst, you coward! My men are brave and fearless. They will meet their death like men. But you are not man enough to get them. All you can do is to stand and talk. When I get out, and I defy you, you murderous villain, to keep me here, I'll string that dog, Charley Price, so high he'll——"

At the reference to Price, Bill, who had been listening to the Bandit Scourge with a sneer on his face, changed countenance. His eyes gleamed savagely, his lips drew back like a wolf's in fear of his fangs, and his entire face became distorted with rage that it no longer seemed human.

With an inarticulate curse, he leaped upon Mark, threw him to the floor, and gave him a fearful blow upon the head which rendered the young leader unconscious.

For a moment, Bill thought the youth was dead and quickly pitched his hand on the lad's heart. Perceiving that he was but stunned, Bill picked the unconscious boy up and thrust him roughly into a little chamber in the rocky wall, and drawing the door to, closed and bolted it.

Then he paused and started back the tunnel to lie in wait for any of Mark's band who might come down in search of his leader. Already Bill was gloating over the vengeance he would wreak upon the companions of his victim whom he never doubted he would soon have in his power.

Scarcely had he advanced a few feet when he suddenly stopped and looked around.

"I thought I heard footsteps," he muttered, "right behind me. But that's impossible. Only the band know this place, and they are all away."

He returned to the cavern and looked about, but could not detect any signs of a visitor. Once more he started back to his trap.

If Bill's eyes had not been rendered less keen for peering in the dark of the passageway by contemplating the bright light in the cavern, he would have detected, just as he turned about for the second time, the shadow of a figure flitting along the path a few steps ahead.

But Bill did not, and the mysterious figure ensconced itself in a little recess in the wall of the corridor and crouched there as Bill passed out.

"That's Cougar Bill," muttered a man's voice. "I would know him in the dark. I have you now," he added viciously, "where I can repay you in full."

Rising from his crouching attitude, he gazed after the figure of Bill, rapidly receding up the corridor.

"Your life is not worth the snuff of a candle," he uttered aloud. "I have you now, Cougar Bill, where I hold your breath in my keeping. The moment I will, your vile carcass will be food for your own wolves, but less treacherous and deadly beasts. You can no more escape my vengeance than the vengeance of the Creator. I have but to creep behind you, swing my arm so, and the shiner blade will have rid the world of the vilest ruffian who robs its air. Cougar Bill, your hour has come."

Like one of Bill's own lions, the stranger sank noiselessly after the outlaw, his knife bared, his arm stiffened for the stroke.

Slowly he overtook his prey. The distance between them was swallowed up as relentlessly as a great saw advances through a mighty stint of the forest. Twenty paces apart, ten paces apart, eight——

The creeping stranger could have put forth his hand and touched Bill's body.

Carefully he raised his knife, slowly he swung his body so as to give full force to the blow, the smile of triumph had gathered on his lips, his body was tense for the deadly lunge—when he paused; terror stiffened him in the very attitude of the assassin.

A wild shriek came down the passage and echoed far and wide through the mountain caverns. A wild, unearthly, demoniacal yell that curdled the blood with horror. Even the cougars crouched in their cages and shook with terror.

As for Bill, his face had become sickly with fear, and ague seized upon his limbs, which trembling, failed in their support, and he leaned puny in abject terror, his eyes closed, against the wall of the passage.

Again and yet again that wild yell broke down the rocky depths and echoed and re-echoed through the caverns until it seemed as though every nook and cranny was filled with shrieking devils.

A moment's deadly silence, half-broken by the lull and distant echoes, like the whines of the condemned, and then followed the leaned puny in abject terror, his eyes

"Again!" Bill's voice sounded.

"The echoes repeated the call again and again.

And then a deep, solemn tone rang out, chanting: "Death is at hand. Death is at hand—Death is at hand—Bill—Cougar Bill, beware."

With a yell of maddened horror, Bill gathered his strength and darted down the passage, possessed of but one purpose, to escape that ghastly call.

Within his cell, Mark, barely recovered from the blow inflicted on him by Cougar Bill, lay stupidly wondering who was calling the wretch.

The stranger, stiffened with terror, remained like one turned to stone.

Hark!

Again that wild shriek rings through the mountain and Needle Peak herself seemed to tremble with apprehension as once more came that awful cry.

"Death is at hand—Death is at hand—Cougar Bill, beware."

CHAPTER II.

As the last echoes of that ghastly warning

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MRS. LOUISE AUFDLER.

I bless the day when I wrote to you—it was the turning point in my life—thanks to Heaven and your advice.

HIRAM GUNTHER.

Following your advice closely I became prosperous on the road to fame and fortune. My last account was a capital one, and I need not tell you that the offers from several managers, and just to think when I wrote to you I was only a poor country girl with no future. I owe it all to you, dear Professor, from the bottom of my heart.

GRACE KARNTH.

NELLIE ARMSTRONG

GRACE KARNTH

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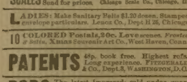

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reverberated through Needle Peak, Mark Powers, who had rapidly recovered full consciousness, sat up with a shudder.

"That's the weirdest thing I ever heard," he thought. "The way that thing's been yelling would make a coyote's hair curl. But Cougar Bill must think I'm a fool if I don't get wise to his hand in this rumpus. He must take me for a first-class idiot if he thinks he can scare me by such monkey business as that. And now, how am I going to get out of this? Doesn't look very easy, but locks were made to be broken."

As Mark said, judging from appearances, it would not be as easy as rolling off a log to get out of this unique prison. The chamber was hollowed out of solid rock, either a natural nook or one made by man, and the only opening was through a low door, which was a heavy wooden one, and from the inside looked to be imbedded in the very rock.

Mark tried to shake it, but it was as solid as the rock which surrounded it. There was no keyhole and the heavy planks and beams were too solid for him to have any hopes of digging his way through with his knife before Bill returned.

Mark even tried the strength of the door by shooting at it. Taking out his Colts, he fired two chambers at the wooden target, but when the smoke settled, he found that the bullets had apparently buried themselves in the wood, for not a ray of light came through the holes.

To Mark this was conclusive evidence that the balls had not penetrated the door. It must be remembered that he was senseless when thrust into his prison and did not know whether his place of confinement was situated in the central cavern or on one of the passages.

"Well," he thought, "it looks to me as though I were up against it good and hard. Now, how under the blue canopy am I going to get out? That four-flush Cougar Bill is probably lying in wait for the other fellows at the foot of the shaft I came in, and he'll corral the whole bunch if I don't get busy and warn the boys. But how——"

A gentle rap at the door interrupted his reflections.

"Whose there?" he shouted. "Is that you, Cougar Bill? Let me out of this. Can't you fight fair?"

Saying this, Mark rushed to the door and threw himself against it in the vain hope that Bill might have already unlocked it and that it would give way before his impetuous advance.

The door stood as solid as ever.

As Mark drew back, he heard a low "Sh-sh!"

"Frank!" exclaimed Mark, thinking that one of his cowboys had found out his place of confinement and was about to rescue him. "Is that you, Frank? Break down this door, for Heaven's sake, and let me out after that Cougar Bill. How did you get here?"

"Not so loud," cautioned a low-pitched voice on the other side.

"That is neither Frank or Bill," thought Mark. Then he exclaimed aloud: "Who are you, anyway?"

"You'll learn in a minute, if you only keep quiet," answered the other. "Keep still, and I'll see what I can do. Cougar Bill may be around and he might spoil our work if he hears you calling out like that."

"All right," replied Mark in a low tone. "Only hurry up and let me out."

After a moment's silence Mark heard the door tried gently several times, but without effect. Then came a peculiar scratching sound, like a piece of wire turning in a lock, and the door swung open.

The sudden rush of light blinded Mark for a moment and he could barely discern the dim outlines of a man's form, so like Cougar Bill's that he thought the tricky blackguard was endeavoring to surprise him.

Mark instantly flung himself on the form before him and endeavored to throw the man. The other resisted and for a moment they struggled on the narrow ledge that separated that part of the cavern from the floor several feet below.

Mark's eyes had by this time become accustomed to the light in the cave, and he saw that the man he was struggling with was not Cougar Bill. He instantly ceased his efforts, and dropped his arms at the same time.

In blank amazement they stood looking at each other.

It was as if each were gazing into a mirror.

Mark saw before him a stranger who was his living image. In build and person the stranger was as like the Bandit Scourge as if they had been cast in the same mould.

The resemblance facially was striking. Eyes, hair, nose, mouth, complexion, in all these features the stranger was the copy of the leader of the cowboys, and his general expression was almost identical with Mark's.

"Say," exclaimed Mark, with a gasp of surprise, "are you me or am I you?"

The stranger laughed.

"If I were an American," he answered, "I suppose I should say 'search me!' But really, I'm myself and you are yourself, although others might be unable to tell us apart."

"We look enough alike to be each other," replied Mark, continuing to indulge in his Irish bulls. "And I'm obliged to you for getting me out of this hole. Would you mind telling me who I have the honor to thank for the favor?"

"Well, I'm generally known as New Zealand Pete. I suppose because I come from that country. That's as handy and convenient a name as any other. And who are you?"

"My name is Mark Powers," replied the leader of the young cowboys.

"What, the Mark Powers they know all over this strip of woods as the 'Bandit Scourge?'"

"I don't know about that," replied Mark, modestly. "I believe some of the boys out here in the West give me that title."

"Why, Mark, you are too modest," exclaimed New Zealand Pete, seizing Mark's hand and shaking it warmly. "You're one of the famous characters throughout the world. The newspapers have been full of you and your doings for months past. Out in New Zealand, just before I left Wellington, the papers were giving columns about you. I am glad to meet you."

While talking, New Zealand Pete had been shaking Mark's arm like a pump handle, and Mark finally had to exert his strength to hold his arm still or the enthusiastic fellow would have pulled it out of its socket.

This move on Mark's part did not disturb the New Zealander at all. He went right on talking with even greater enthusiasm.

"Why, every larrigan in New Zealand knows about you, and the way you have been cleaning out the desperadoes in the West."

"I'm sure," replied Mark, "your kindness makes you exaggerate. I've only done my duty the best way I could, and my cowboy band have helped me out splendidly. But I thank you very much, all the same. And now the business. How are we going to get out of here?"

Pete's joyous manner changed instantly.

"I'm not fussing about getting out," he replied. "At least not just yet. I've got a little account to settle with that Cougar Bill, as he calls himself, and I don't leave until I've settled it. He's a first-class specimen of a bluff, but he's a dangerous proposition to run up against."

"That's right," replied Mark. "He had me in a pretty pickle—going to serve me up for breakfast for his pussies, as he calls them down there."

"I heard him," replied Pete, seriously. "Now see here, Mark, I called him a bluff, well, he is in the open air. But down here it's different. I tell you, that fellow would do it."

"I'm not afraid of him," replied Mark laughing. "I'm pretty well able to take care of myself and I'll buy in Cougar Bill any time. I've got out of worse scrapes than this, even deeper holes, and I've not only escaped threatened death, but I've brought my man with me. Now I'm out of that cell, Cougar Bill had better keep his eyes wide open."

"What are you after him for?"

"To tell the truth, we weren't looking for him particularly. I came out here with my cowboy rangers to look for a band supposed to be operating in this neighborhood. When we got here we found that the story was true enough, but I've learned that the band is Bill's, and that he purposely brought us here in the hope that he might catch us napping and wipe out a grudge he bears against us because we made Arizona too hot to hold him a few months ago. He sent a man to join our troop and decoyed us out here. Then I fell down that old shaft, Bill caught me, and he supposed the trick was turned."

"Humph," grunted Pete.

"That's what," replied Mark. "He knows that when I did not get back some of the boys would come down to find me, and he thought he could capture the entire outfit one by one and put us out of the way."

"It kinder looks that way."

"Well, he has another guess coming. Thanks to you, he couldn't hold me, and now I must get out and help the boys."

"Say, Mark," said Pete eagerly, "will you leave this job to me? I've come all the way from New Zealand looking for this dirty coward, and I will fix him."

"It's my duty to capture this man, Pete, and I shall do it."

Instead of answering immediately, New Zealand Pete gazed absently at Mark for several minutes. Then he inquired abruptly:

"Do I look as much like you as you look like me?"

"You must be an Irishman," retorted Mark with a smile. "I guess you do. If I met you on a dark night, I might think I was meeting myself, sort of accidentally, you know."

"That's the ticket," exclaimed Pete without noticing Mark's remark. "Look here, let me fool Cougar Bill."

"How?"

"Let's change clothes. Put me back in that cell and I'll get that fellow by the short hair."

"What good will that do?"

"You can get out of the cave and warn the boys, and then steal a march on Bill. He'll think he has you safe and sound when he takes a peek at me. You see I'll act as a decoy. He'll take bigger risks with you under lock and key. You can get the fellows in your troop to act as though they were thrown in confusion by your absence and then he'll gather his men—he's only got a few—try to rush you fellows, and you can land him easily. What do you think?"

"It looks like a good plan," admitted Mark, slowly. "If you'll promise not to shoot Bill, so that I can get him alive, I'll do as you suggest. I think I see a way to work the trick."

"Sure you can."

"Still, I do not like to do anything that looks like running away. It seems sort of cowardly."

"Look here, Mark, it isn't, and you know it. It's the quickest way to catch the snake. There's nothing cowardly about it. It's good generalship. I am on the square and I will hold him so that you can land him all right."

"As you say," replied the Bandit Scourge. "I'll go you in this. I think you are on the level and I will trust you. Here's my hand."

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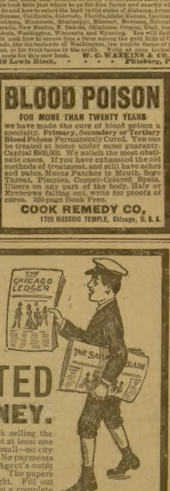

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CUT—2.

MAN OR DEVIL.

(Continued from page four.)

the branches of the tree above me. It might have been the wind, and it might have been some night bird fluttering among the green leaves, I thought.

But some sense of danger came over me and I stepped out toward the open.

Before I had gone a yard I felt the coils of a rope fall over my shoulders.

I threw up my hands, but the movement was in vain, and too late.

The noose tightened. My arms were pinioned to my sides. I was helpless.

In a second the rope was jerked savagely from above, and I was dangling in the air—hanged by my own folly in answering this strange telephone message.

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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

JIM HAS HIS DOUBTS.

My Aunt Melliss is awful good,
She goes to church each Sunday,
And never cracks a joke or laughs
From Saturday till Monday.
Now I am eight, and old enough
To know a thing or two;
I'm sure some things that Auntie tells
Can't possibly be true.
And yet she says, and shakes her head,
"Might happen, Jim, to you."

She says there is a Crust Man,
A giant big and black,
Who gathers up both crusts and boys
In one tremendous sack,
And carries them away, 'way off,
To his old castle grim
Where he eats boys up with the crusts!
"Do be careful, Jim,
If you'd escape from him!"

She told me of a little boy,
Who, when he went in swimmin',
Stayed in the water hours and hours,
And frightened all the women.
They punished him, but every day,
He went and did the same;
But once he swam away, 'way out,
And an old sea witch came
Who tied him fast unto a rock
(He was his mother's joy),
And turned him into—only think!
A painted wooden buoy!
"So just remember," Auntie says,
"If you should take a swim,
Don't stay too long, for who can say
Just what might happen, Jim!"

It tellin' fits is very wrong,
I'd like to know, I should,
How Aunt Melliss can tell such yarns,
Yet be so awful good.

The Spring Came Back.

For more than 200 years there has existed near Lima, Peru, a spring on a mountain side whose waters were a great remedy for skin diseases. It had always been in the family of poor people, and they made their living by selling the water to visitors.

These and again they were offered large sums for the land on which the spring, but they refused to sell. The last offer was $10,000, coming from a man in Lima who wanted to erect a hotel.

Twenty days after the big offer had been refused there was a slight earthquake and the spring ceased to flow. Not a pint of water could be obtained from it in a week. This shut off the income of the owners, and he was so worried over it that he attempted to commit suicide.

That was five years ago. During all that time the spring remained dry, but a few weeks ago another earthquake shook up things and tumbled a part of the mountain down.

The man now thought he was ruined entirely, but on visiting the spring it was found flowing more vigorously than ever and it promises to be a source of profit again until another quake comes along. It is supposed that during the past five years the waters have been flowing away in an underground river.

Too Many Sailors.

"A story?" said Uncle Capt Jones. "Something queer? Well, respected nephews and nieces, here's one that's not only queer, but true. One day I landed ten sailors from my bark, the Early Star, on the coast of Borneo to refill the casks of the ship with water. Eight of the men stayed by the boat on the beach while the two others took a walk to look for a spring.

"An octopus was lying concealed among the rocks near where the boat landed, and seeing eight fat and healthy men loafing around he decided to do business with them.

"That particular devil-fish had only five arms. He did the best he could with them by attaching his suckers to five of the men and trying to drag them into the water.

"Such was their pain and fright that he might have succeeded and laid in meals for months ahead, but the three extra sailors got busy with their knives and a hatchet and finally succeeded in slicing off the monster's arms and rescuing their companions.

"Even an octopus may bite off more than he can chew. It would seem as if he ought to have been content with a couple of the fattest and plumpest of the lot instead of making a pig of himself. Don't you think so?"

A New Kind of Pocket.

A certain 6-year-old boy who, in his earliest garments could only thrust his hands through his belt for want of pockets, has lately rejoiced at last with a pair of trousers which had real pockets in the fore part. He took them down to a male relative with his hands stuck proudly in these pockets and exclaim, "Look, I've got pockets with doors in 'em!"

CLEANING HOUSE.

Dolly's clothes are on the line;
Dolly's dishes are washed fine;
Dolly's home is swept all through;
Chairs and tables look like new.
Dolly's little mamma
Has been cleaning house today.

FREE GOLD WATCH AND RING FREE
Guaranteed American Watch, stem wind and stem set, handsomely engraved. The manufacturers will supply our boys for one year. Ring is handsomely set with stone. With it comes a handsome fob and chain. Both sent FREE. Send us your name and address for only 8 packages of BLUINE to sell at 10 cents each. Every boy who sells BLUINE will get one watch and ring free. Write to-day. We are the old, reliable firm which has given over 10,000 premiums. BLUINE MFG. CO., 824 Mill St., Concord Junction, Mass.

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Full size, 20 key, pearl-tipped and deep-toned Accordion. Any boy can play beautiful music for his friends after a few hours' practice with it. Sent FREE for selling 8 packages of BLUINE at 10 cents each. Nickel-plated, 3 reeds, 2 sets of reeds, 4 bellows, 2 sets of steel corners, with name of maker on each. Sent FREE for selling 8 packages of BLUINE at 10 cents each. Write to-day. We will send you the BLUINE and when sold send you the Accordion. We are the old, reliable firm which has given over 10,000 premiums. BLUINE MFG. CO., 824 Mill St., Concord Junction, Mass.

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An Imported Brass-mounted German Stereopticon, with double tube lenses, adjustable for sharp focus, and will give fine Exhibitions, for which you can obtain, as an admission fee, any of the articles we offer. Write to-day for FULL DESCRIPTION of BLUINE, and we will send you 8 packages at 10 cents each. When sold send us the money and we will send the Lantern at once, the latter nearly a foot tall and half as wide, with 48 views, 4 inches square, beautifully painted in bright, colored pictures, and 60 new Keystone Exhibitions. Remember, the cost of BLUINE is so little a package, that you can obtain the money from your mother, sister, or neighbors in a few hours. Send us your name and address for 24 packages of BLUINE to sell at 10 cents each. Every boy who sells BLUINE will get one Lantern free. We are the old, reliable firm which has given over 10,000 premiums. BLUINE MFG. CO., 824 Mill St., Concord Junction, Mass.

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THE BURGLAR MAN.

BY MAUD LOUISE WARD.

A man came in our house last night—
A burglar man it was—
An' he did lots of naughty things
That burglars always does.

He tried to steal my candy that
I'd saved up for today,
An' acted just like he would take
My rockin' horse away.

An' when I saw him standin' there,
I took my mittens off,
An' shot him till he fell down dead,
Then he got up and ran.

An' when I told my mamma what
That burglar man did do,
She laughed an' said it was a dream—
But I know it was true.

A Drop of Water.

Water that is now in the ocean and in the river has been many times in the sky. The history of a single drop taken out of a glass of water is really a romantic one. No traveler has ever accomplished such distances in his life. That particle may have reflected the palm trees of coral islands and have caught the sun ray in the arch that spans a cloud clearing away from the valleys of Cumberland or California.

It may have been carried by the Gulf Stream from the shore of Florida or of Cuba, to be turned into a crystal of ice beside the precipices of Spitsbergen. It may have hovered over the streets of London and have formed a part of murky fog and have glistened on the young grass blades of April in the fields. It has been lifted up to heaven and sailed in great wool-puck clouds across the sky, forming part of a cloud-mountain echoing with thunder. It has hung in a fleecy veil many miles above the earth at the close of long seasons of still weather. It has descended many times over it answered to refresh the earth and has sparkled and bubbled in mossy fountains in every country in Europe.

And it has returned to its native skies, having accomplished its purpose, to be stored once again with electricity to give it new life-giving qualities and equip it as heaven's messenger to earth once more.

Far From Home.

The sensation of homesick-ness has been more graphically then by a little girl who, when away from home and sick, was put to heavy-eyed and silent at a hotel table.

"Aren't you hungry, dear?" asked her aunt, with whom she was traveling.

"No'm."

"Does you head ache;"

"No'm."

"What is the matter?"

The child's lip quivered as she replied in a tremulous tone: "I'm so seasick for home."

Useful Chinese Children.

The Chinese are a wonderfully industrious people, and their children learn very early to make themselves useful.

In the streets of a Chinese town it is no uncommon sight to see two children, who are so young that they can hardly talk, trotting along with a bamboo pole on their shoulders by which they are carrying home a pail of water. If one child is stronger than the other the pail is hung near his shoulder, for thus he takes the "heavy end of the pole."

Indian Maidens' Ball.

Indian girls have a game called Pahpah-se-kah-way, which means "maidens' ball play." The ball consists of two deerskin bags, five inches long and one inch wide, filled with sand, to which of leather seven inches long. Each girl is armed with a stick five feet long with which she tries to catch the ball and carry it to the goal of her side.

The girls tie their long braids of hair, assemble in a group, and the ball is thrown among their uplifted sticks. The one who catches it soon has it torn from her by the stick of another player, and so it is tossed among the playing sticks until a girl on the outskirts of the group gets it and starts to run home with the prize. The others run after her, and the game becomes rough, but Indian girls do not mind this.

All the while the game is being played the girls keep up a gentle cry of "Amgoo"—a sound like the cooing of pigeons, which it is intended to imitate. When villages assemble to see this game, and prizes of red cloth, beads and bright ribbons are given to the best players.

Ethel's Question.

Ethel is 3 years old. Her father came home the other afternoon, after working three days and nights under high pressure, to get a wink of sleep, and lay down with the feeling that he might not wake up for a week. Ethel's bedtime was five minutes the greatest amount of noise would not have aroused him.

Three-quarters of an hour later, from the depths of his dreams, he heard a clear, small voice say:

"Father, father! Father, father!"

The sleeper seemed to sink deeper.

"Father, father, father!"

He struggled and resisted and floundered, and finally raised his eyelids like a man lifting giant weights. When right came to him he saw Ethel smiling divinely beside his couch.

"Father, father!"

"Wha'at is it, daughter?"

"Father, are you having a nice nap?"

A "Bull" Defined.

You often hear of an expression called a "bull," and it may be that some of you do not understand what the term means. Webster defines it as "an expression containing an apparent congruity but a real incongruity of ideas." Two or three examples will be better than the definition. An Irishman said to a friend who was studying for the priesthood, "I hope I may live to hear you preach my funeral sermon." And a woman who thought nobody be opened when she died, for fear that she might be only in a trance. The board of councilmen in a Southern city ordered that the new jail should be built of the materials of the old jail, and that the old one should be used until the new one was finished.

Over the Falls.

Did you ever hear of the cruel experiment that some heartless men made at Niagara, Falls, many years ago? They got an old ship, and put aboard a buffalo, a fox, a bear, a dog and some geese and then sent it over the falls. The bear jumped from the ship before it reached the falls, and was rescued unhurt. The geese went over the falls, and found their way ashore, where they were sold at a high price as curiosities. The buffalo, the fox and the dog were never seen or heard of afterward. It is almost a pity that the man who suggested the experiment was not on board the ship.